

is tional dangers. Over the past thirty-four ye Christmas week has, compared with the rest of t year, had three times its proportionate share accidents on the line.

MYSTERY OF "X."

Madame Syveton Accused of Murdering Her Husband.

CLUB OF MURDERESSES.

How did M. Gabriel Syveton come by his death? The plot of this strange mystery has become thicker and more amazing. Just when Paris, led by its newspapers, had come to the conclusion that the deputy for Paris committed suicide, driven to despair by the reproaches of his wife, all the generally accepted theories have been shaken, if not shattered, by a bombshell of a development.

Yesterday Paris was startled by the report that the father of M. Syveton, in the strong belief that his son had been murdered, had entrusted all the important documents in his possession to Dr. Barnay, his son-in-law, to aid the authorities in their inquiries.

After undergoing examination at the magistrate's chambers yesterday, Dr. Barnay informed a crowd of journalists: "I have formally accused Mme. Syveton of having assassinated my unfortunate brother-in-law." He said he had accused her of "repeated falsehoods," and said she had been obliged to recognise evidence "showing that she had lied."

He added: "Let the Judge insist, let him press Mme. Syveton, and she will be obliged to admit that she has lied once more."

"Then there will remain only one verdict possible—that of murder."

Mme. Syveton, who was conducted before the magistrate immediately after, was informed of the tenor of Dr. Barnay's evidence, and asked to give explanations with regard to some of the points raised by it.

Then Renter adds: "The 'Patrie' states that M. Rouchard, the examining magistrate, has made out and signed warrants for the arrest of two persons in connection with the mysterious death of M. Syveton."

Who is "X"?

Who is going to be arrested? Who is, or who are, the unknown quantity, X, against whom those who maintained from the beginning that M. Syveton was done to death have been demanding a process, and have now succeeded?

Once more let the admitted facts of the tragedy be set out.

M. Syveton was found dead in his study at Neuilly on December 8 last. He was lying by the stove, apparently suffocated by gas—so his wife, who has described how she made the terrible discovery, declares.

There had been a quarrel between husband and wife about the latter's daughter, Mme. Ménard, M. Syveton's step-daughter. Paris believes that there were guilty relations between step-father and step-daughter. There had been high words between M. Syveton and M. Ménard, the step-daughter's husband. Mme. Syveton asserts that when she demanded a separation M. Syveton said: "Life with you is impossible."

Sharing the secret of the family dissension there are servant confidantes of both ladies and relations.

Women's Crime Club.

Simultaneously with the announcement that arrests are to be made a sensational story has been published by the "Matin" as follows:

Before she married M. Syveton, Mme. Syveton was a Mme. de Bruyn. M. Bruyn was an Antwerp merchant. After his death Mme. de Bruyn drew £4,000 from an insurance company.

She was a member—according to the "Matin"—of an extraordinary club, a club weirder than the suicide club of R. L. Stevenson. It was a club of ten married women. Two of the members were condemned to death, though not executed, for having poisoned members of their families. Two were suspected of similar crimes. All the husbands of the women belonging to the club were insured. Some of the husbands held high social and military rank.

After Mme. de Bruyn became Mme. Syveton she took out an insurance policy for the sum of £6,000 on her husband's life.

Mme. Syveton has emphatically denied this story and its sinister imputations.

"How could the insurance money compensate me for the loss of my husband?" she has asked a deputation of journalists that called at her house—her voice broken by sobs.

Again, one asks: Who is X?

An answer will be given in the *Daily Mirror* directly the Paris authorities reply to the question, and the history of the Syveton mystery will be traced in detail from his beginning.

(To be continued.)

SANTA CLAUS IN FLAMES.

While playing the rôle of Santa Claus at a children's Christmas party in the Bristol Council's schools, Miss Hattell, one of the teachers, approached too near an open light, with the result that a portion of her cotton-wool disguise caught fire.

Before the flames could be put out Miss Hattell's face, neck, and hands were severely burnt. She was at once removed to the general hospital, where she is progressing favourably.

Capital skating was enjoyed yesterday on the dykes and shallow waters in Fen-land. At Lingay Fen there is a fine sheet of ice, but it is being reserved for the professional races on Boxing Day.

MAULED BY A LION.

Girl Performer Has a Narrow Escape from a Savage Pet.

The crowded audience at the Cardiff Empire have been thrilled by an un-rehearsed incident of the most sensational kind. Miss Lilly Bebe, a young Viennese, was going through her remarkable performance with a troupe of fine lions, when one of the animals, named Romeo, claved at his young mistress and ripped open her left arm from the shoulder to the elbow.

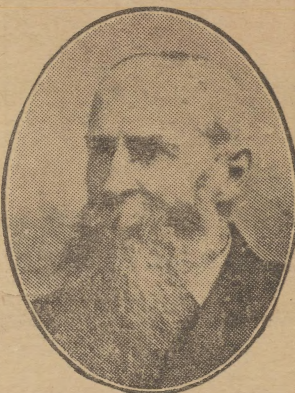
This is the fourth time the intrepid young lady, whose age is only eighteen, has been injured by her ponderous and uncertain-tamed pets.

"Romeo," Miss Bebe told the *Daily Mirror*, "is the best-tempered lion in the cage. If it had happened to be Ruy Blas I should have been killed. On seeing the blood he would have pounced on me rather than have gone away. Ruy Blas has killed one man, and is the worst-tempered beast we have."

Asked if she would be afraid to enter the cage again, she replied, "Oh, no, the lions are my friends, and they like me. Carlos, my sweetheart, has hurt me several times, but has always been sorry afterwards."

The young artiste then pointed to scars which she had on her face, arms, and hands. The marks on her face, she said, were caused by Carlos's teeth, in Brazil in May last, when she was going through the performance of placing her head in his mouth. Carlos brought his jaws together and four of his teeth penetrated her skin.

REV. J. M. BACON,



the distinguished and enterprising balloonist, who is seriously ill.—(Russell.)

"COURIER'S" NEW EDITOR.

Mr. Nicol Dunn, of the "Morning Post," Moves to Manchester.

During the present week the purchase of the "Manchester Courier" by Sir Alfred Harmsworth has been completed, and Mr. James Nicol Dunn, editor of the "Morning Post," has been appointed editor of the "Courier," with a proprietary interest in the newspaper.

Mr. Nicol Dunn, who is a Scotsman, has had a distinguished journalistic career. From a position on the "Dundee Advertiser" he received an appointment on the "Scotsman," and in 1888 became managing editor of the "Scots' Observer," which was subsequently transformed into the "National Observer."

In 1893 he was appointed news editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and in the two succeeding years he was editor of "Black and White" and the "Ludgate." In 1897 he assumed the editorship of the "Morning Post," in which position he greatly strengthened the reputation enjoyed for many years by that newspaper.

Mr. Nicol Dunn has taken an enthusiastic interest in the Institute of Journalists, and was president during 1903-4.

CRIME OF A CAB.

The trial of Mrs. "Nan" Patterson, an actress belonging to the famous "Floradora" sextet, who was charged with shooting Mr. Cesar Young, a wealthy bookmaker, in a cab, came to a dramatic close in New York yesterday.

The jury, after long consideration, were unable to agree.

SPANISH KING'S MOTOR ACCIDENT.

MADRID, Friday.—The wheel of the motor-car in which King Alfonso was driving this afternoon at Pardo broke, and the car overturned, but his Majesty escaped without injuries.—Reuter.

MEALS FOR STARVING

Mr James Buchanan Comes to the Help of West Ham.

20,000 SHILLING TICKETS.

Fifty thousand people are on the verge of starvation in West Ham, the famine spot of Greater London.

And to-morrow is Christmas Day. For at least 20,000 of these there existed no probability of even a crust of bread on the great Christian festival.

We are happy to be able to state that 20,000 will at least be able to have one good meal on the day devoted to jollity and feasting.

A generous donor has come forward, and, through the "Daily Mail," has given £1,000 to be spent on food and drink for the necessitous of West Ham.

This gentleman is Mr. James Buchanan, of Lavington Park, Petworth, principal of James Buchanan and Co., the famous Scotch whisky distillers.

The "Daily Mail" yesterday distributed this money in the shape of 20,000 one shilling tickets to the extremely poor. These tickets entitle the holders to meat, groceries, or coal, and are negotiable at any of the local shops. In their turn, the tradesmen will re-exchange the tickets for cash at the "Daily Mail" exchange offices at the Town Hall, Stratford, and the Police Station, Canning Town, between half-past ten and eleven. Tickets can be cashed only by tradesmen.

The possibility of the tickets being used to obtain drink has been anticipated, and any publican taking them for liquor will be prosecuted by the "Daily Mail."

Christmas Shillings.

We are thus at least assured that the great majority of the very poor in this unfortunate district will have their Christmas brightened by a little good cheer. A good deal may be had for a shilling in a working-class district, and the generous donor will have the satisfaction of knowing that the blessings of 20,000 people rest with the shilling.

How desperate is the position of the poor in West Ham can be gathered from the experience of the local clergy and guardians. In one case a young widow, with four children, has been earning 8s. per week at a match factory, out of which she had to pay 3s. per week for rent. This left 1s. per head to live on for seven days.

A man, thirty years of age, with a wife and two little girls of three and four, were eight days without food except a loaf or two of bread from a kind-hearted baker.

In still another case seven people lived on three loaves from Monday to Friday. The father in this case had only had three weeks' work in four months.

Poverty is driving people to minor crimes. At the police courts cases of people smashing windows "just to get a night's lodging" are common.

Employment is to be found at once for 2,500 unemployed on County Council and City works, but the number of qualified applicants is over 15,000. The funds in hand amount to £32,047.

It is stated that 14,000 men are unemployed in Liverpool.

Miss Phillimore, of 19, Eaton-terrace, S.W., writes calling attention to her working parties for wives of the unemployed at the Jerusalem House, 48, Follen-street, Poplar. Here women may meet three hours every afternoon for needlework, for which they are paid 3d. an hour. Contributions will be gratefully received.

WORK FOR UNEMPLOYED.

General Responses to the Appeal of Mr. Walter Long's Committee.

Mr. Walter Long's Committee are receiving many offers of work for London's unemployed.

At a meeting held at the Guildhall yesterday it was announced that the L.C.C. were willing to take on 100 men a week until the total had reached 1,000 at the Long Grove Asylum, Epsom.

The men will be employed on unskilled labour in levelling and excavating 250 acres. The ordinary County Council scale of wages will be allowed, and the men, who will be chosen from districts contiguous to Waterloo and London Bridge Stations, will be allowed their railway fares.

The Central Markets Committee of the City Corporation have offered work for 100 men for several months, and other offers have been received from Mr. A. F. Hills, of the Thames Ironworks, on his farm at Wickford, Essex; by the Garden City Company, and by the authorities of the Haddleigh Colony, near Southend.

FRANCE'S TROUBLE WITH MOROCCO.

According to the "Cologne Gazette" diplomatic relations between France and Morocco are broken off until a settlement is reached respecting the dismissal of Europeans from the Sultan's service, which it is believed has given offence to France. Should the Sultan prove obdurate, France will probably use force, and it is reported that French warships are on the way to Tangier.

Lieutenant Hayt and thirty-seven American scouts have been overwhelmed and killed in Samar.

RUSSIAN SPY ROBBED.

Suggests That the English Government Has Inspired the Thieves.

Mr. Bennett, one of the Russian Government agents who have been obtaining "evidence" that there were Japanese torpedo-boats among the trawlers on the night of the Baltic Fleet outrage, has been the victim of a remarkable robbery.

He states that on Thursday night two men waylaid him, tearing his overcoat open and taking from his pocket a note-book with papers in it.

Mr. Bennett at once informed the police at Leman-street Police Station. He says:—

"You can guess who took the pocket-book. Ordinary thieves do not take so much trouble to obtain articles of no monetary value. Of course, it was done by detectives employed by this side."

This amazing suggestion—that the English Government is responsible for the robbery—is hardly likely to be taken seriously by anyone.

The theft of Mr. Bennett's pocket-book would not necessarily be caused by any such strange motive. Street robberies are not so uncommon in this district.

A photograph of Bennett is reproduced on page 8.

HEROIC GIRL.

Modest Maiden Who Risked Life in a Burning House for Others.

Miss Dora Chandler, the brave girl who rescued her little brother and cousin from a burning house at Link, on the Northumbrian coast, is as modest as she is pretty.

Her fresh and innocent face glowed with excitement as she recalled, in a few unassuming sentences, her thrilling experiences for the *Daily Mirror*.

When the fire was discovered late at night Mrs. Chandler and two of her daughters took refuge in a bathing-machine. Dora joined them there, but found that her brother and cousin were still in the burning building.

"I was only in my nightdress," she said, taking up the story, "and, of course, I was frightened. But the thought of poor little Willie and Jim gave me courage. I found Willie, my brother, still asleep. In a moment I had him in my arms. The heat and smoke were terrible as I came back, but I managed, thank Heaven, to bring him out in safety."

"Then there was little Jim. Though the heat was greater, I felt, if anything, less afraid this time. I brought the little boy out, though only just in time."

AWFUL MOMENT OF SUSPENSE

Within an Inch of Death from the Wheel of an Engine.

Mr. Albert Harwick, whose courage and nerve preserved an elderly lady from being crushed to death by a train at Finsbury Park Station on Wednesday night, showed himself disinclined to pose. "I had no idea of the danger to myself when I jumped down on the line," he said simply.

"Directly I saw the danger I felt nervous, and I caught sight of the space between the platform wall and the rail, and saw there was barely room for a person to lie there."

"The most terrible moment was when the great driving wheel of the engine thundered past. It was awful; but as the carriages passed one seemed to get one's hearing back, and then, as the train slowed down and finally stopped, I could plainly hear the shouting above—the platform."

"There's really nothing more to tell, except that I received a very nice letter of thanks from Mrs. Mason's son, and both are coming to thank me in person later."

"CONVICT 413L."

By MR. ADOLF BECK.

A soul-stirring story of Convict Life that must of necessity revolutionise the present "System."

Mr. Beck has, with his own experience and the literary assistance of the Authors of "Convict 99," woven together an unbreakable web of facts. To-morrow in the

"Weekly Dispatch."

Price 1d.

LOVE BY TELEGRAM.

Major Sends Four Proposals in One Night.

MARRIAGE KEPT SECRET.

Remarkable instances of the ardour shown by Major Hope Parkinson in his love-making were given by Mrs. Elliot at the resumed hearing of the singular matrimonial case before Lord Kincaid in the Edinburgh Court of Session.

Mrs. Elliot seeks to prove that she is the Major's wife. So also does Mrs. Jane Macdonald, formerly the Major's cook, and both ask the Court to grant their declarations of marriage.

In both cases there was a Scottish marriage by declaration, but in Mrs. Elliot's case this was followed by a religious ceremony.

Mrs. Elliot, who is a niece of the late Sir Reginald Gethin, of Co. Sligo, stated in cross-examination yesterday that she had been aware of the relationship between the Major and Jane Macdonald for a long time. That had been the barrier to a marriage between her and the Major, but the latter always professed himself willing to give Jane Macdonald up.

One night, said Mrs. Elliot, she received no fewer than four telegrams from Major Parkinson entreating her to marry him. It was not the case that she did not tell anyone of her engagement until after May 18. On that date the Major came after dinner, but she did not think he had arranged to come to marry her. He was absolutely sober when he came.

Giving Up Mrs. Macdonald.

She did not know where he dined, but she thought he was staying at his own flat, where Jane Macdonald was his housekeeper. It was absolutely understood when they became engaged that the Major was to give up his flat and leave Jane Macdonald.

Nothing was said about that at the time of the Scottish marriage. She was quite willing that he should go back after the ceremony and live in the same house as Jane Macdonald, but she trusted him and believed he would do what he had said.

They wanted the marriage kept from Jane Macdonald, and also wanted it kept secret from their friends—that was the reason they gave out that it was only an engagement.

The hearing was again adjourned.

MACEDONIAN TROUBLE.

Desperate Fight Between Gypsies and Police on Battersea Rise.

The Macedonian gypsies offered a determined resistance to the police yesterday.

The shabby caravans were passing along Battersea-rise when half-a-dozen constables attempted to arrest one of their women. The aliens resisted the constables most strenuously.

About five hundred people witnessed the free fight that followed. Cries of "Murder" were raised, and the policemen fared badly, being outnumbered by their assailants. One constable had his thumb bitten very severely.

Finally the police had blown their whistles for assistance, which was promptly sent from the Lavender-hill Station.

The struggle lasted for nearly an hour, but finally the gypsies were overpowered, and several of them were marched off to the police station.

They will appear at the South-Western Police Court to-day.

CONFESSED ON THE SCAFFOLD.

It is stated that Fee, the Clontarf murderer, made a confession of guilt on the scaffold on Thursday morning.

As Pierpont, the executioner, was placing the cap over Fee's head, the condemned man is alleged to have said, "Executioner," and as the last bolt was drawn to have uttered the word "Guilty."

NO HURRY FOR INCOME-TAX.

Upon the authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Keblet W. P., last night contradicted the report that income-tax had to be paid by the end of February instead of April next, and that process and execution would follow one fruitless demand.

FATHER'S REMORSE.

"Don't Let My Boy Grow Up To Despise Me."

It is believed that, when Richard Palmer's misappropriations from the funds of a Shepherd's Bush slate club were discovered, he went to the docks with the idea of getting out of the country. Thwarted in this he returned home and poisoned himself with laudanum.

Evidence was given at the inquest yesterday that he had been out of work since July and that about £100 entrusted to him as secretary was unaccounted for.

The coroner read the following letter Palmer left for his wife:—

My dear Kate,—As a last request please do not let my boy grow up to despise me. At least let him know me only as a father who loved him. . . I pray that God will watch over and protect you and my darling boy.—Your loving husband.

The jury found that stress and worry of business had caused temporary insanity and suicide.

Another Secretary Missing.

Yet another club has to report the disappearance of its secretary. This is the White Horse Club at East Ham, which has been established for the past fifteen years.

There were 250 members, and the funds accumulated during the year amounted to £500. When the members assembled on "shaming-out" night, a news-agency states, the secretary, a well-known local tradesman, failed to appear, and a postponement was accordingly agreed to.

No clue has been discovered as to his whereabouts, and the treasurer has distributed the money he had in his keeping, adding some out of his own pocket.

In spite of this, however, each member will be a loser to the extent of 7s. per share.

REV. LIONEL FORD,



who will probably be head-master of Eton.—(Russell.)

MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUEEN.

King of Saxony's Divorced Wife Hopes for a Reconciliation.

The divorced wife of the King of Saxony, Countess Montignoso, who, when the Crown Princess, eloped with M. Giro, a tutor, has not abandoned all hopes of a reconciliation.

She came to Dresden yesterday, says our Berlin correspondent, for the express purpose of trying to see her children, and, instead of returning to Florence at once, is still staying at the house of her lawyer, Dr. Zehme, of Leipzig.

The enthusiastic reception the Countess was given by the Saxon people encouraged her perhaps more than any other reason to wait for a sign of reconciliation from the King.

It is insinuated that the Countess hopes for a little revolution in her favour, but it is more generally believed that the exhibition of her popularity with the Saxon people has helped to make her hope for a reconciliation.

MISSING—FAMILY FOUND.

With reference to the application of Mrs. Alvin, who lost all trace of her husband and two children in a crowded thoroughfare last Saturday, the North London magistrate was informed yesterday that the missing persons have now been found.

Mr. Fordham read a letter received from Mr. C. Alvin, of Fulham, in which it was stated that the husband and children were found wandering about at Chiswick at four o'clock in the morning and fell into the hands of the police.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES

THE RAILWAY SMASH.

The fearful force with which an express train from the north ran into the "Daily Mail" newspaper train, when the latter was derailed near Aylesbury Station, may be understood by a glance at the photograph on page 8. It shows the engine of the "Daily Mail" train as it appeared after the accident. As may be seen, it was flung bodily across the platform. The carriages were telescoped, and in some cases reduced to matchwood.

SANTA-CLAUS.

The picture on page 1 will make some of our little readers round-eyed with envy. But though such splendid dreams as this cannot be expected to come true, it is to be hoped Santa Claus will be very careful not to leave any little stocking quite empty. We are sure he realises what rare pleasure it gives to his small clients to discover unexpected gifts, and will not turn excited anticipation into bitter disappointment if he can possibly help it. We call the attention of our grown-up readers to the picture of the Santa Claus dream as a very ingenious piece of photography. Dreams like this are not easily "caught."

IN THE FOG.

Our roving photographer has obtained a few more interesting fog pictures, with the results shown on page 9. We are hoping that he will soon be able to get a series of London sunshine effects.

SUNNY BRIGHTON.

While Londoners were coughing and choking in the midst of a fog that made locomotion almost an impossibility, and life for the time being a general misery, Brighton folks were witnessing the launch of their new lifeboat in sunshine, as may be seen from the snapshot on page 8. The new lifeboat is, by the way, one of the best of its kind, 35ft. long, 8ft. 6in. beam, rowing ten oars double banked. It was built at a cost of £2,000, and will be known as the William Wallis.

THREE ADMIRALS.

Admiral Kazniskoff, Admiral Beaumont, and Admiral Davis were shown by our enterprising photographer just after the first meeting of the North Sea Commission, on which they represent Russia, Great Britain, and America respectively. The appearance of this photo will probably be the first intimation the gallant Admirals will receive that they have been "captured" by the man with the camera.

A RUSSIAN SPY.

At the cost of considerable trouble we have been able to get the photograph which is on page 8, a portrait of Bennett, one of the emissaries who have been buying evidence for Russia from unprincipled fishermen of Hull. With his comrade, Walsh, he is now in London, having made Hull a little too hot to hold him. There was a growing disposition on the part of a section of the population to execute a little summary justice on the spies. Their occupation is not a popular one in England.

A COOL HERO.

Mr. Albert Harwick, whose portrait appears on page 9, deserves the Victoria Cross as much as any of the heroes who gained the coveted distinction "at the front." But he will not get it or any equivalent, being only a civilian; which seems a pity. He saved an old lady from being run over by a train at Finsbury Park Station in a manner as creditable to his presence of mind as to his bravery. There was no time to get her on to the platform, for the engine of the approaching train was almost upon them; so Mr. Harwick contrived to squeeze himself and the lady into the small space between the metals and the platform while the train passed by. A dramatic interest is added to a stirring story of pluck by the fact that the young man's father was a witness of the scene, though he did not know until afterwards that his hero was his son.

THE BOG SLIDE.

Few catastrophes appeal to the imagination with such sensations of horror as that of being overwhelmed in a moving mass of semi-fluid bog-stuff. It combines the horrors of drowning and burying alive. It is therefore with relief one is able to note that no fatalities have as yet occurred in connection with the mass of peat and mud and water that is devastating a considerable tract of country near Castlereagh, Co. Roscommon. None the less it is causing a great deal of destruction and misery, as may be understood by looking at a photo such as that on page 9. Nothing can be done to stop the approach of the watery avalanche. All that remains is to save what may be moved and abandon the rest. The moving bog has already practically wiped out a hamlet, but it is hoped its force is now almost spent.

Mr. Graham Stewart, the barrister, who, it is alleged, was stabbed in the back by his wife, is still in a very critical condition.

GHOSTLY PIANIST.

Weird Apparition of a Girl Suicide Haunts a Brighton House.

A weird story of a house haunted by a musical ghost comes from Brighton.

More than one person has seen the strange apparition. A lady who formerly occupied the house says that she saw the strange figure, that of a woman, with "an awful look on her face," standing by the piano.

The present occupier, a well-known mountaineer, has had an even more blood-curdling experience of the ghostly visitor.

He has heard a guitar, which hangs over the piano, three times played by an invisible hand, and also the piano give forth sounds in the same extraordinary manner.

A barrister who made investigations has also seen the ghost.

"I looked straight at her," he says, "and the look of agony on her face was awful. I could see right through the figure, which was transparent. She walked up to the wall and then vanished."

It is said that some years ago a girl, driven mad by the cruelty of a man, hanged herself in the bedroom of the house.

RELUCTANT BRIDEGROOM.

Shunned the Wedding Ceremony Because He Already Had a Wife.

There was a sequel yesterday to a wedding contretemps which occurred recently at Wallasey, Cheshire.

The marriage of Miss Sarah Gibson to Frederick Godfrey Smith, a local gardener, had been fixed to take place at St. Mary's Church in September last, but at the last minute the bridegroom failed to put in an appearance.

The bride, clergyman, and the whole wedding-party had at length no other course open but to leave the church. In a fortnight, however, the bridegroom reappeared, a date was fixed for the marriage, and the bride took care that the bridegroom attended the church to carry out his contract.

But at the police court yesterday Smith was charged with bigamy, and it was proved that at the time he ran away from the church he had already been married for eleven years.

He was committed for trial at the assizes.

PRISON CONFIDENCES.

Taking Advantage of a Friendship Made in Holloway.

Occupying adjoining cells in Holloway Gaol, Alice Petch and Lalla Olsson, a nurse, struck up an acquaintanceship. Olsson, who had seven months to serve, confided to Petch, who had only a three months' sentence, that she had property at her former lodgings in Vincent-square, Westminster.

When Petch gained her freedom she went, according to a detective's story at Westminster Police Court, to the lodgings in Vincent-square and said she had been deputed to take Olsson's clothes and portmanteau to a home. She embellished her story with accounts of alleged philanthropic work among the starving poor, and the landlady was persuaded.

Petch was remanded yesterday charged with false pretences and larceny.

NOT PARTED IN DEATH.

Drowned Mother Found in the Thames Clasp ing the Lifeless Form of Her Baby.

Tightly clasping in her arms the lifeless form of her babe, the dead body of a woman was found in the Thames yesterday off the Ranelagh Club grounds, near Putney.

The baby, a pretty little child, was fastened to its mother by a string. In the unhappy woman's pocket was a note, saying that she could not part with her child.

Later in the day the woman was identified as Mrs. May, the wife of a Southampton-row publican, from whom she had been living apart.

She had occupied rooms in Putney, and left home with the child shortly before she was found in the water.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED TO - 25/- FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidised Cases Jewelled Lever Movements ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

V. SAMUEL & CO., 26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.



MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

QUEST OF WORK.

Dramatic Story of an Out-of-Work's Trials in London.

ASLEEP IN AN ARCHWAY.

A workless wanderer is describing in the *Daily Mirror* his struggles to gain employment.

After two days' search for work, and after being unsuccessful in scores of applications, he decides to spend the night in Trafalgar-square, having not a penny for food or lodging. His narrative continues:—

I had heard that wretched, homeless men like myself often sleep in Trafalgar-square, lying against the Nelson monument. I chose Trafalgar-square partly because I expected to find men suffering a like cruel fate with me there. I wanted somebody to sympathise with me.

But when I got to the square traffic was still rolling and bustling round it, and there was nobody lying under the lions. I sat down with my back to the stones, only to be told immediately by a policeman that I must "move on."

So I crawled up St. Martin's-lane and along Tottenham Court-road. I have since been told that it is only in the summer that people sleep out in the square.

It was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gower-street that I crept into an archway and hid myself behind some litter. Here I was sheltered from the rain that had begun to fall. I lay down and fell asleep at once. I was again disturbed by a policeman—this time by a kind-looking policeman who had turned his bull's-eye on to me.

Policeman's Sympathy.

I begged him not to order me away, and he replied, "You had better crawl in a bit further there, and then I won't have seen you, do you see?"

When I got up in the morning I was stiff all over. I rubbed and scraped my clothes into some semblance of cleanness, and walked out into the street. It was still dark.

I had only a hazy notion of where I was, so I asked my bearings of a foreign-looking man who was passing. He was the only human being in sight. He looked at me in a startled way and said, "Take zat. It is all zat I have." He put two coppers into my hand, took to his heels, and ran. Then it occurred to me that he had mistaken me for a possible footpad.

With one of the pennies he had given me I got a shave and permission to wash myself at a little barber's shop in a side street. It would be no good offering myself for work looking like a wild man. With the other coin I got some bread and butter and coffee. It was twenty-four hours since I had last tasted food—with the exception of some spoiled meat I had begged from a greengrocer. I was now ready for a renewal of the campaign against want of work.

Hope and Despair.

I walked along until the time came when people who take workers on were about, and then I went into the shop of R. H. Smith and Co., builders and decorators, in Camden Town.

"Very quiet, nothing here," was the answer that began another day's dismal chorus of refusal. My informant added: "You'll see for yourself, if you go round the yards about here." I tried another decorator's, F. Angles's, and the estate offices of W. E. Sanders in the Camden-road. "Try T. H. in Camden Town," said someone who overheard my application there.

At Westcott's I was told: "No canvasser, collector, or workman of any sort is wanted here."

By this time I had lost all the little heart my night's rest had restored to me. I was getting tired much earlier than I had done on the day before.

Despair had come to me not till the afternoon of the day before. It had already come to me now.

Nevertheless, I persisted. I had become like a machine that crawls along, and goes in and asks for a job mechanically wherever there is a place where hired men work. I kept on going in and asking because this process had become part of me.

List of Calls.

Here is a list of the places where I went in and asked for work while I still had strength to walk along:—

Idris and Co., Knowles and Co., C. N. Tanner, St. Pancras Town Hall, St. Pancras Labour Bureau, Dunn and Co., L. Crawford's Cement Works, Bath and Bath, Vicarage Dairy, Salter, Rex, and Co., Carrick, Davies, and Co., J. Hickley and Co., Caledonian Engineering Company, Morris and Beal, Maple's, Brine and Co., J. Hall and Co.

As I left the St. Pancras Labour Bureau a man at the corner of the street spoke to me. He told me that he, too, was out of work. He took me to a place where we could sit down, for I was ready to drop, and we sat side by side and told each other our miseries.

At one of the places where I called a young lady was standing near, and heard my piteous appeal for work. Turning to a workman she said, "Take that poor man to a baker's shop and buy him some bread. He looks starved!"

Bless her! With a half of my loaf, which that young lady gave me, in my pocket, I managed to drag myself, when night came, to the refuge that had sheltered me on the night before.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Kinross, president of the Scottish Court of Session, is to retire.

Lord Kelvin is nominated for the presidency of the Faraday Society in succession to Sir Joseph Swan.

Creditors of the Marquis of Anglesey yesterday received a second dividend of 2s. in the pound, making 4s. altogether.

POISONOUS COLD CURE.

Camphor as a cold cure is somewhat at a discount at Leeds.

Through taking this common remedy in the form of spirits of camphor, which that city's coroner stigmatised as an irritant poison, the wife of a labourer has died after only a short illness.

SELF-OPENING DOOR.

An automatic door was invented by Mr. Albert S. Moore, which opens by itself whenever anyone steps on a platform placed near.

It is intended for use at theatres, and the platform is not intended to be placed on the street side of the doors, but where it will facilitate the hasty exit of an audience.

IS BOXING WORK?

There was a note of pathos in the voice of Edward Michael Cain as he was led out of the dock of the Birmingham Police Court for eight months' hard labour on a charge of "frequenting with felonious intent."

"The police say I have done no work," he said. "Why, I've been for months ready to box the ten-stone champion."

FOOTBALLER'S LARK.

William Hall, a well-known Lancaster footballer, who has distinguished himself by his brilliant play for the past eight seasons, has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for wilfully breaking the glass panel of a jeweller's door.

Hall pleaded that the glass was broken while "larking" with another man, who has been sent to prison for two months.

MOTOR-WAGON LAW.

By Act of Parliament motor-wagons must keep to the kerbside except in case of actual necessity and for sufficient reason.

In dismissing a summons at Manchester, brought at the instance of an electric-car driver, the magistrates held that the fact of the side of the road being covered with ice was a sufficient reason for a motor-wagon to keep in the middle of the road.

NEVER PAID ANY RENT.

There is a house at Scarborough in the curious position of having no known owner.

An old lady who lived there for very many years, and as it now appears, has never paid any rent, has been removed to the infirmary. The guardians are now considering whether they can let the house and use the rent to recoup the ratepayers the cost of the former tenant's maintenance.

CALLOUS SALUTATION.

Fred Hodson, a Holmfirth teamer, when walking across the moors at Greenfield saw a man lying behind a mound.

After prodding him with his stick he discovered the man was dead, and left him with the remark, "Good morning, owd lad."

The body has since been identified as that of his father by William Sidebottom, of Manchester.

BIRDS AVOID THE RED LIGHT.

In the late autumn the lightship keepers on the eastern coast are occasionally able to add the welcome addition of a game course to their daily menu.

Of four woodcock which struck the light and fell on the deck of a vessel stationed off Yarmouth, it was noticed that all the birds were killed during a white refection of the light.

During the time the light shows red no birds ever strike the lantern.

INTERESTED HOSPITALITY.

At Salford the popular custom of placing three-penny pieces in pint pots is alleged to have occasioned an inflated business to a public house on sale.

The enterprising vendor was also stated to have hospitably entertained his customers to fried fish to an extent which raised a genuine trade of two-and-a-half barrels a week to one of four barrels.

The purchaser of this hostelry—the Star Inn—has obtained the rescission of his contract and damages in the local Court of Record.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.

Official returns of the Clyde shipbuilding during the present year show that 319 vessels, aggregating 421,062 tons, were launched, compared with the 446,799 tons of last year.

The largest output of any single yard in the world is that of Messrs. Russell and Co., of Port Glasgow, with 73,889 tons, and this is closely followed by Messrs. Swan and Hunter, of Newcastle, with 73,592 tons.

The work on hand in the Clyde yards aggregates 400,000 tons, and prospects are distinctly better than for the past three years.

Bandon, Co. Cork, magistrates have refused a publican's licence to a young woman of twenty-two.

Estimated to cost £70,500 only, the L.C.C. have already expended £180,115 on the uncompleted Greenwich tunnel.

Over forty workmen's compensation claims set down for trial early this year are carried forward to next Hilary sittings.

Through taking a bucket of live coal to heat a bedroom a young girl named McGone has been suffocated at Killygordan, Co. Donegal.

OUT FOR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas good will has saved a boy, charged with obstruction, from three days' imprisonment.

At the City Summons Court yesterday Alderman Simmons said as he personally would not like to be in prison on Christmas Day, he would give the boy one day's imprisonment instead of four.

SALE LADIES' MISSION.

Being twenty officers short, Colonel F. Howarth, V.D., of the 3rd B. Lancashire Fusiliers, has appealed to the ladies of Sale to help him.

He thinks if they refused to look at young men who had not seen Volunteer service the force would at once become popular.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Warming itself by a limekiln at Penycroft, Cadroxton-Barry, a dog has suffered the unusual experience of being attacked by five large rats.

At the end of a fifteen-minute encounter three rats were killed and two retired hurt, while the dog has been badly maimed.

UNAPPRECIATED BUMPING.

During the twelve months ended October 1 the large sum of £11,856 has been paid to colliers for damage to hulls and upper works while coaling his Majesty's ships.

The Admiralty have issued a strong remonstrance to commanding officers to exercise more care in future that heavy armoured vessels do not injure lightly-built steamers at close quarters.

LADY LINDSEY'S RINGS.

Lady Lindsey has recovered her wedding and other rings lost at the recent fire at Uffington House.

She had left them in the bathroom, where they were found by one of the villagers engaged in volunteer salvage service.

He handed them to a gamekeeper, who, in his excitement, forgot all about them until some time afterwards.

YOUNG WOMEN CRUSADERS.

Fifty young unmarried women belonging to the Catholic congregation at Melior-street, Bermondsey, have vowed to be total abstainers for life as an act of self-denial and reparation for the prevalence of the drinking habit amongst their sex at the present time.

A scroll bearing their autographs will be kept on the altar annually.

PAUPER HERO OF FOUR CAMPAIGNS.

John Kenyon, who had fought in the Crimea, India, China, and South Africa, was granted permission to leave the workhouse by the Thorne Guardians. Whilst tramping Yorkshire in search of friends, he was set on by robbers, who only left him with sixpence.

The guardians have generously supplied 10s. 6d. for his railway fare to place near Derby, where the next payment of his pension will be made on New Year's Day.

LESS TEA-DRINKING.

Though the habit of excessive tea-drinking is admittedly bad for the nerves, Mincing-lane will find in the fact little consolation for the decreased consumption of tea.

That the favourite beverage is now being drunk with more moderation is proved by the fact that 7,000,000lb. less has been drunk this year, the decrease in Indian tea being 4,000,000lb., and in Chinese tea 3,000,000lb., as opposed to last year.

COUNCIL'S SPENDTHRIFT WAYS.

To anticipate a loan is conduct more usual to a spendthrift than a prosaic town council, but Dukinfield, Cheshire, has been sharply brought to book by the Local Government Board for thus lightly regarding its liabilities.

Already £2,000 has been expended for tramway improvements before the necessary loan has been sanctioned, and the authorities threaten to surcharge the councillors responsible.

A CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

For the first time in its history the Sunday League proposes to hold evening concerts at both the Alhambra and Queen's Hall to-morrow (Christmas Day).

The special attraction at the Alhambra will be the rendering of the sacred song, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," by Miss Ethel Bevan. This song is one of the new sixpenny "Carmelite" music series now on sale.

At the Queen's Hall Mr. Watkin-Mills, the well-known baritone, make his first appearance in this country since his tour round the world.

BABY PRINCE'S XMAS.

Musical Xmas Tree for the Italian Royal Children.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Friday.—Both Christmas and New Year's Day promise unimagined delight to Italy's royal children. Christmas is a much greater festival in Montenegro than in any Latin country, and Queen Elena keeps up the good custom of making it a children's holiday. The Queen spent two mornings last week shopping, and mysterious packages, stamped with the blue seal used by firms "under Court patronage," followed her home.

Queen Elena has got a surprise for the Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda in the shape of a musical Christmas tree. The tree, which stands in a big green tub, is set revolving by an electric motor, and as it revolves a musical box plays quaint Slavonic tunes. The musical box is a present from the children's grandfather, Prince Nicholas, but the idea of making the revolving Christmas tree work it belongs to the King.

Princess's Unappreciated Kiss.

The King has ordered from a Milanese firm several dozen boxes of sweets and crackers, which will be given to little Yolanda for distribution on Christmas morning among the children of Palace officials. The Princess will be instructed to kiss each child as she hands it its gift. Last Christmas, when this ceremony was being carried out, the grandson of one of the Palace gardeners replied to the salute by slapping little Yolanda's face, much to her wrath and to the horror of the grown-ups present.

The Princess Yolanda's one ambition is to increase her collection of dolls, of which she already has close upon thirty, whose dressing and monopolising more than an hour of her time every day. The favourite of these, a gift from the Duke of the Abruzzi, is a doll considerably bigger than the Princess herself. She calls it "bamboccio," and recently insisted upon washing its face, with lamentable results.

Prince and Christmas Tree.

The Princess has a clear idea of the import of Christmas, and caused much amusement when brought down after luncheon by asking her father if the baby Prince of Piedmont was interested in the coming festival. The fact that her little brother has never yet used his voice, except in crying, is a continual puzzle to her. She tells her mother, unflatteringly, with one of her dolls, which emits a shrill squeak when pressed.

The Queen has announced her intention of having the little Prince present at the Christmas tree. The children will be allowed to select only one present each, everything else being given to the infants of poor prodigies. According to a Montenapoleone superstition it is unlucky to have two things from the same tree. In addition to the usual Court charities a toy will be sent to every sick child whose name is sent in to the Queen.

CLOTHES FOR ALL SEASONS.

Electric Invention To Warm Summer Garments for Winter Wear.

To dye a garment from a light to a dark shade is an ordinary achievement; but to change light summer clothing into warm winter attire is something new.

It is claimed that this wonder will be performed by an electrical invention that diffuses the clothing with heat waves.

There are two methods of electrifying the clothes. In one the garment itself is heated; and in the other tiny warm-up batteries connected with an ingenious arrangement of wires are concealed in the folds.

Furs, which will be much more expensive in the future, will now not be necessary. Summer gowns of chiffon and lace will be warmed and made as comfortable as velvet or fur.

All women prefer dainty summer garb to the heavy clothes of winter, and, thanks to the inventor of dress electrification, they can now indulge their fancies.

MUSICAL MIRACLES.

Plates, Pie-dishes, and Clothes Brushes Discharge Tunes While in Use.

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing" has already stepped out of the nursery romance into accomplished fact.

Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, the well-known grocers in Piccadilly, have accomplished some amazing musical miracles.

There are plates, pie-dishes, wine-glasses, and beer-jugs, which, on being lifted pour forth charming music, classical and popular.

A wine-flagon appropriately plays "Les Yeux Bleus," and "Romeo and Juliette," a superb chair plays "The Merry Widow." This song is one of the new sixpenny "Carmelite" music series now on sale.

You may now brush the London mud off your coat to a rollicking gallop or a dreamy waltz, according to fancy.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
 5, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

THE FOOD DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

ALL Owners of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry should be on their guard, and not have any other Food with a similar name palmed on to them instead of

MOLASSINE MEAL,

which is the only Cattle Food containing Antiseptic, Digestive, and Health-giving properties.

Sold by all Corn-dealers and
 THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd., 36, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

NOT for many years has there been such a ghastly contrast as there is this Christmas between the angels' message of Peace and Goodwill and the chief evils which absorb public attention.

What are these events? First, the pitiable state of thousands upon thousands of men and women and children in this England of ours. Never has there been worse or wider-spread distress than is rending all our hearts at this moment. The bitter cry of the workless labourer goes up without ceasing, and the most terrible part of it is that every week he now remains idle makes him less able to do good work in the future.

Next, we have our eyes fixed upon the tremendous struggle which is going on in the Far East. Port Arthur still offers up its daily hecatomb of mangled victims. Further north, there is at this moment no fighting in progress on a large scale, but the slaughter has ceased only to be renewed even more heavily later on. No war more costly to human life has been waged in our time or in our fathers'.

Naturally there are not wanting voices to ask where the peace and goodwill come in. Naturally the Christian religion, of which we celebrate the birthday to-morrow, has to meet the suggestion that it has been a failure. "It has existed for nineteen hundred years," say many who would be glad to believe in it if they could, "and yet the world is still very far from living up to the ideals of Jesus Christ."

If the official upholders of Christianity had no argument more difficult than this to meet, their task would be easy. As if any ideal worth having ever had been lived up to! Supposing we all were as good and as wise and as capable as we wanted to be, what a disgusting collection of prigs we should be!

No, the value of a high ideal is that it always remains above what its followers can achieve. It is always urging them on to make efforts to get nearer to it. And since it is effort which keeps both mind and body active and alert, it is clear that to live up to an ideal and to cease making efforts would have a deplorable effect upon character.

That is why Christianity is the noblest religion the world has ever had. It holds up ideals which call for effort every hour of the day. No true Christian can ever forget that he is a Christian, for he has to be struggling all the time not to give up even the little ground he has won already. No one who really understands what Christianity means could ever say that it has failed because Peace and Goodwill do not yet pervade the whole world.

How much less of goodwill and peace there would be in the world if Christ had not been born in that stable at Bethlehem 1,904 years ago! That is the aspect in which we should view the celebration of Christmas. That is its message to us if we are fair to the faith which has made countless millions strive with all their might to turn the song which the poor shepherds heard into a reality.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Christmas comes but once a year,
 And when it comes, it brings good cheer.
 —Old Adage.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

WHEN the King left for Sandringham yesterday he had already sent off all his Christmas presents, except those for his own family, and particularly for his little grandchildren, and these he took with him to Norfolk. It gives him the greatest pleasure to provide ingenious gifts for the children. For

his friends this year his Majesty has bought a great many matchboxes of a new kind. They have patent lighters for out-of-door use, and are highly appreciated by the inveterate smokers amongst his Majesty's friends.

Gifts of an older fashion always pass between King Edward and the German Emperor. The Kaiser

sends a great wild boar's head for the King's Christmas dinner, where it looks very picturesque and German, and he receives in return the finest turkeys and sirloins of beef which Sandringham can provide. From the Tsar the King receives a present of caviare, of which he is particularly fond, and which is served at the beginning of dinner as an hors d'œuvre. All his smaller presents his Majesty opens himself. The process of undoing his own parcels has never lost its attraction for him.

A WORLD-FAMOUS CHRISTMAS PICTURE.



"The Virgin and Child with the infant St. John," by Sandro Botticelli, is one of the great pictures of the world. It hangs in the Louvre in Paris.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Santa Claus.

HE will be very much in evidence to-night. He will be filling countless small stockings with Christmas gifts. Countless tired little mites will go to bed to-night fully determined to be awake and make sure that he is, after all, "only daddy," but he will elude them all, or nearly all, for little eyes are very tired after the day's excitement and anticipation.

Even the "grown-ups" know little of him, few of them so much as the children. The little ones know for certain that Santa Claus drives a reindeer sleigh over the housetops. Fathers and mothers may have doubts about it, even though they do not mention them; their information of him is not so detailed.

They only know that Santa Claus is Saint Nicholas under his Dutch name, and that he was a Roman citizen who died on December 8, 843 A.D. As is only appropriate, he is a patron saint of almost everybody.

He is a patron saint of children, because he saved a schoolboy from a terrible fate: of mariners, because he quelled a storm at sea; of travellers, of serfs, of scholars—even of robbers. He has even something to do, it is believed, with the pawnbrokers' sign of three balls.

His piety was strong when still quite a child and even when an infant he refused to either eat or drink on fast days.

He was generous, too, and rich. Once as he passed the cottage of a poor man with three daughters he threw a purse of gold through the window and passed on. The poor man found a husband for one of the daughters. Again he gave a purse unknown, and a second daughter was married. The third time the poor man was watching, and Saint Nicholas ordered him to keep his benefactor's name a secret, but he gave the third purse, and the third daughter was married.

He is the same to-day. He does not like to be recognised, and he gives, they say, the best presents to children who do not watch for him.

YULETIDE AND CHRISTMAS.

The Festival of the Sun.

WHY do we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Christ to-morrow? Why does Christmas Day fall on December 25? No one knows. The real date on which Christ was born is unknown. Holy Scripture, history, and tradition are alike silent, nor is there the slightest clue.

All we know is that December 25 cannot have been the date. We know that shepherds were seated on the ground by night, watching their flocks. It is now the height of the rainy season in Palestine, and flocks are not out by night.

It was not until the end of the second century that Christmas was celebrated at all, for the early Christian Church preferred to celebrate a death or martyrdom rather than a birth, and when the festival was first held it was at different dates in different Churches. Some held it in April, others in May, and yet others conjointly with the Epiphany in January.

There is one tragic mention of the festival in history. During the last persecution, A.D. 303, the Christians of Nicodemia, in Asia Minor, were celebrating Christmas when the church was surrounded by soldiers and set on fire by order of the Emperor Diocletian. They all perished in the flames.

It was not until the fifth century that December 25 was chosen as the date of Christmas. About that date the feast of winter was celebrated by most heathen nations of the ancient world. The Saxons celebrated Yule. The Romans celebrated their Saturnalia—in honour of the sun. The Druids, Greeks, and Persians all held festival then. It was the great birthday of the sun, and the Christian Church chose the day on which the sun commences his upward journey, the day on which he begins again his year of life-giving activity, as the day on which to celebrate the birth of Christ.

Old faiths die hard. Yuletide is Christmas now, but the customs of the day—the Yule log, the decorations of mistletoe and holly, the wassail bowl, the gifts and presents—are the heathen customs of Yuletide.

The Prince and Princess of Wales generally send the presents of their family up from York Cottage to Sandringham House in the morning. They are making a great deal of Christmas this year, chiefly for the sake of their children, who have bought most of their own presents in the toy-shop at King's Lynn. The children always make something themselves for the King, and the gravity with which they present their gifts to him amuses him every year. The party at York Cottage will dine with the King and Queen as usual.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has gone to Osborne Cottage, which has pleasant associations for her than any other country home, except Balmoral. Christmas at Osborne Cottage is spent very quietly. All the merry-making takes place in the large, old-fashioned drawing-room, which is filled with relics of Queen Victoria. Princess Beatrice likes the comfortable cottage far better than she ever liked dismal Osborne House, which is one of those blank, expressionless places which remind one of lunatic asylums. The Princess likes to spend the day free from any sort of social restrictions and conventions, alone with her most intimate friends and her family.

This year the weather makes all out-of-door employments—even gardening, of which the Princess is very fond—anything but agreeable. Princess Beatrice will therefore amuse herself chiefly with her beloved music. She is an admirable pianist, has composed several songs, and can play almost anything at sight. Who does not remember the story of the compliment which a celebrated musician paid her during the late Queen's lifetime? Another Princess played before him first and asked him his opinion. "Madam, you play like a princess," he said. But when Princess Beatrice played he added, "You, madam, play like an artist."

Everything is ready to-day at beautiful Chatsworth for the Christmas celebrations of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. The outside of their famous country house does not seem to suggest merry-making. But the inside looks as though Christmas had been invented for it. The dining-room, now well-decorated with holly and mistletoe, is the very room for a feast to remind one of feudal splendours. The two chimney-pieces alone cost two thousand guineas, and the room is ornamented with the rarest Sicilian jasper and African marbles.

The Duke is an excellent host, in spite of his shyness, and would make any Christmas gathering a success. It is perhaps because of his shyness that he is so careful not to worry his guests with ceremony. Everyone does just as he or she likes at Chatsworth. In the House of Commons the Duke used, it is said, to practise the same kindly forethought as he does at home. When the Minister benches looked full, he would remain in the Lobby; he was afraid of disturbing his colleagues by going to sit with them!

Lord Rosebery is one of the fortunate people who can choose from a list of country-houses one in which to spend a holiday. This year he has chosen Mentmore, the most splendid of all the seats which he visits in succession, and upon whose magnificent fences he sits during the political year. Mentmore came to Lord Rosebery on his marriage; it was built by Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and was Lady Rosebery's favourite home. The enormous central hall of the house, with its fluted pillars and gallery, and the chimney-piece brought from Rubens's house at Antwerp, will be the chief scene of the Christmas celebrations this year.

Mentmore was once made the subject of a little sermon, which Lord Rosebery had had preached to him at his own dinner-table. He had asked a young clergyman present what was the use of many of the great cathedrals of England, which nowadays that commerce is more powerful than faith stand often empty. The clergyman answered: "The halls and rooms of Mentmore, my lord, are seldom filled. Yet we do not grumble at the size of the house; a dignified position requires dignified surroundings." Lord Rosebery sat silent for a moment. Then he looked at the parson and said, "A good answer; I thank you for it."

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 24.—Christmas Eve again! I often wonder if Christmas would be as eagerly welcomed if it came in the hey-day of the year. Surely not! Breaking, as it does, over a dreary land, its note of hope has a fuller meaning than it is flowerless, but in the garden of the heart flowers of joy and memory abound. Who shall say they are less precious than rose or lily?

Let us hope the bells will ring in a fine day to-morrow, so that the robins may be the first to wish us "A happy Christmas." E. F. T.

A RUSSIAN AGENT.



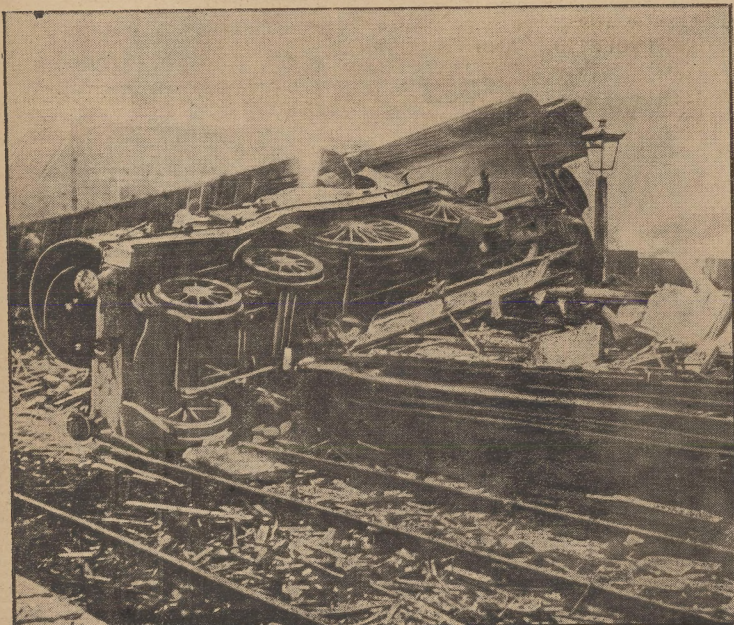
The man Bennett, who, with a companion named Walsh, has been collecting "evidence" for Russia from the Hull fishermen. A unique photo specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*.

LAUNCH OF BRIGHTON'S NEW LIFEBOAT.



Brighton's new lifeboat, William Wallis, just after she had been launched. This boat cost £2,000, and the christening ceremony was performed by the Dean of Chichester and the Vicar of Brighton.

YESTERDAY'S RAILWAY SMASH.



The "Daily Mail" newspaper train left the line near Aylesbury Station, and a mail train dashed into the wreckage. Three men were killed and the newspaper train was smashed to pieces. What happened to the engine can be seen above.



PICTORIAL

A WEST HAM "HOME."



Of the terrible distress prevailing in the East End this photograph speaks eloquently. It is a specimen, only too typical, of the sort of "home" to which thousands who are willing to work are reduced.

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.



Some of the Christmas hampers which the staff of the General Post Office send to the widows and orphans of their dead colleagues every year.

THE STARVING UNEMPLOYED.



This photograph will give an idea of the scenes of misery and destitution witnessed in London during the early hours of the morning. It shows a group of starving out-of-work drinking a free bowl of soup at a Salvation Army shelter.

M. Syveton was
were successive

COOLN

Mr. Albert Ha
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L NEWS



MADAME SYVETON.



and dead with his mouth close to the aperture of a gas stove. Accident and suicide suggested, but there is a growing suspicion of foul play. Mine. Syveton finds it advisable publicly to declare her innocence.

AND BRAVERY!

ADMIRALS ALL.



of Muswell Hill, the rescue at Finsbury Park on to the line before 3, and at the risk of Warwick jumped down arm's way just in time.



Admirals Kaznakoff, Beaumont, and Davis, who are sitting on the North Sea Commission, representing Russia, Great Britain, and the United States respectively. A snapshot, taken in Paris, after the first meeting. Each admiral appears above his own name.

LONDON FOG MUCH LIGHTER YESTERDAY.



A tramcar starting on a much-delayed journey up the Gray's Inn-road in the great fog.



The lions at the base of the Nelson Column seen through the fog.



A snapshot taken in the fog near the Mansion House.

THE BOG SLIDE.



This photograph, taken under considerable difficulties, shows how resistlessly the moving bog near Castlereagh is burying everything in its path.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 5.

OUR SATURDAY STORY

By EVELYN SHARP.

THE JOKE THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

The Beast had no business to come on Christmas Eve. The children felt this very strongly. It was true that, for a governess, Miss Beeston wasn't bad. Against the dismal background of sums and French she seemed at times quite a human sort of person, almost fit to rank with a favourite aunt, in fact. But in the holidays one's standard naturally changed, and Miss Beeston became simply the Beast. And what business had she to turn up on Christmas Eve?

The worst of it was that mother did not seem to see this point of view at all. She deserted them in the most unaccountable manner, said she had no time to entertain Miss Beeston, and once or twice took her for a walk if they liked. If they liked! One would think, to hear mother talk, that they had not gone for a walk with Miss Beeston every single day for the last three months.

Driven to extreme measures, they made a plot as they put on their boots. Brian was very good at making plots. Meg was very conscientious in carrying them out. It is a great thing to be thoroughly conscientious when one is dealing with a really magnificent and difficult plot.

The Beast seemed to be quite unconscious of not being wanted. She joked like anything as they started for their walk, and was so funny once or twice that if it had not been for the magnificent and difficult plot they would have felt almost inclined to smile. Unfortunately, though, they were obliged to keep up their fury with the Beast, or else there would have been no point in having a plot at all; so they kept perfectly grave, and whenever Miss Beeston spoke to them Brian only grunted and Meg pretended not to hear, and altogether it was a most uncomfortable walk. But at last they reached the beginning of the High-street, and the great moment had come.

"Now?" whispered Meg across the back of Miss Beeston's fur coat.

"Now!" shrieked Brian at the top of his voice.

The Beast gave a jump. It is enough to make a person jump when someone, who has not spoken a word for twenty minutes, suddenly gives a piercing yell. Miss Beeston was still more astonished when her two small companions, who

had just been walking along so sedately beside her, bolted away from her without another word, and disappeared in the throngs of people who had come out to do the last of their Christmas shopping.

The pavement was so crowded that the two scarlet tam o' shanters were swallowed up before the Beast dreamed that the children were running away from her. Then she caught up her skirts and ran down the street after them. From the look on her face, it did not seem as if she thought much of the magnificent and difficult plot.

People who are doing the last of their Christmas shopping are generally rather hurried and sometimes rather cross. They do not like to have their toes stamped upon, even if it is done quite by accident. They do not like to be charged into, first by a little boy in a brown serge suit and a red, woolly cap, and then by a little girl in a brown serge frock and a red woolly cap. And they cannot bear to be asked by a worried-looking lady whether they have seen a certain of those drawbacks to their Christmas shopping.

So the Beast got no help from any one, as she tramped the town in search of her charges; and the people, although they had no idea of it, contributed largely to the success of the magnificent and difficult plot.

"She'll never catch us up now," panted Meg, when after dodging round many corners and plunging among quantities of people's legs, the two conspirators had at last placed several streets between themselves and their pursuer.

"Not she!" panted Brian. "That'll teach her not to come disturbing us in the holidays any more! What shall we do next?"

"I've got threepence," said Meg.

"I've got sixpence-halfpenny," said Brian.

"Bath buns," said Meg.

"Sherbert," said Brian.

"Oh, Brian, not sherbert!" objected Meg.

"Mother never lets us have sherbert."

"I know," said Brian. "That's why we're

going to have it now. If we've got to be punished, let's do all the wrong things we can first!"

Somehow, the sherbert was not nearly so nice as they had expected it to be. "It pricks," complained Meg, and she left half of hers. Brian drank every drop of his, and ate three buns as well, but he was very silent afterwards; and when Brian was silent it always meant either that he had eaten the wrong thing or else that he had eaten too much of the right thing.

The rest of the plot was not a success either. They thought it would be such fun to wander about the streets and look into the shop windows, just like grown-up people. But it wasn't. Even the toy-shop, which was kept by a dear old lady, a friend of Miss Beeston's, and was generally the most exciting shop in the town, looked different to-day, and when they peered in and saw through a door into the little room at the back, where a handsome tea was being laid for four or five people, they felt positively depressed.

"What fun it would be to have tea in the toy-shop!" sighed Meg. "Oh, shut up!" growled Brian. "Let's go home to mother; she'll scold me with a choke in her voice."

Mother was most surprised to see them back so soon. "How quick you have been over tea!" she exclaimed. "We haven't had any tea," said Meg, dolefully. "Not had any tea?" cried mother. "But the old lady asked Miss Beeston to take you to tea in the toy-shop for a surprise, and—" But mother said no more, for Meg was sobbing miserably. The end of the plot was certainly not being a success.

"We'll never be horrid to the Beast again, will we?" said Meg from her bed in the corner of the night nursery that evening. A great many things had happened in between—some of them very unpleasant things—but what the two conspirators liked best to remember was that Miss Beeston had begged them off quite half of their punishment.

Brian's tone sounded very lofty as he answered Meg from his corner of the night nursery. "It's very rude to call people nicknames," he said crushingly. "I s'pose you mean Miss Beeston."

Sometimes it is very difficult to know what would please Brian.

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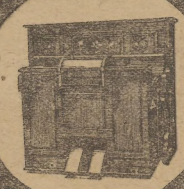
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CELEBRITIES' XMAS PRESENTS

From Unknown Admirers Whom They Have Never Seen.

Distinguished people very often receive Christmas presents, not only from their friends, but also from dozens of persons they have never seen.

When he was Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain was every Christmas bombarded with queer tokens of good-will from overseas. A case of West Indian bananas was once delivered for him at the door of the Colonial Office.

Mr. Balfour every Christmas receives from an old lady in Perthshire half a dozen pen-handles, carved by her sailor-son. Last Christmas he was bombarded with turkeys from all parts of England. A Devonshire farmer, who had sent one of the turkeys, turned up some months afterwards at Downing-street, and demanded to see the Premier on the strength of his gift.

Ministers make a rule never to accept presents of value from outsiders. An anonymous admirer of Lord Selborne sent him at Christmas, 1902, a pearl scarf-pin, and several months passed before the sender could be traced, and his gift returned. A Panama hat was one of the unreasonable Christmas gifts received by Lord Selborne in 1903.

THE AUTOGRAPH FIEUD.

Many autograph hunters send trifling Christmas presents in the hope of getting a Minister's signature in return. A Nottingham man sent Lord Lansdowne a handsome cane, expecting to receive in return the Foreign Secretary's signature. "He could have got my signature on a passport for half a crown," said his lordship when ordering the cane to be sent back.

Of all politicians Lord Rosebery receives most presents from unknown admirers. Every Christmas for the past four years he has received a hamper from a Buckinghamshire squire, accompanied by a letter begging him to resume the Liberal leadership. On the Christmas following his "ploughing-my-lonely-furrow" speech he received from some satirical individual a brass model of a plough.

Among Mr. Asquith's admirers is a grateful crossing-sweeper, who every Christmas brings him an armful of holly and ivy.

Retired soldiers are very fond of showing respect to their old commanders by sending them Christmas presents. Both Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley are well remembered every year.

A Quick Return.

He: You can't say I married you for money, at any rate.

She: If I had had any money you needn't think that I'd have married you.—"Meggendorfer Blätter" (German).

A LITTLE XMAS SERMON.

By the BISHOP OF RIPON.

It is Christmas Day! Would that the day might bring seriousness without forbidding gloom and gladness without frivolity! Let me tell a parable.

It was Christmas Day, and the lady went to church and joined in the approval of the lofty anthem, and she bore on her breast a cross which was formed of flashing gems. It gleamed on her bosom that night as she presided at the Christmas feast.

It was Christmas, and the woman went to church in sable, and she hung a cross of rough and thorny wood around her neck, and while the glad hymns were sung she wore the sad and suffering face as of one who deemed it sinful to be glad.

It was Christmas Day, and a calm-faced woman guided a blind friend to church, and after church she moved actively about, visiting some friends. She had a sprig of holly for one, a simple card for another, food and fuel for a third, and a kind word and a winning smile for all. Then she went home to her lonely dwelling, and thought for a little of dear ones no longer near.

She wore no sign of suffering; she carried no jewelled cross; but she carried Christ within. Though she was lonely she had work for Him to do, and I think that she was glad.

I know that she was happy; for she had found a life that was in harmony with God's thoughts, and the joy of Christ was being fulfilled in her.—(From the "Sunday Strand.")

GOOD NEWS—FOR THE KITCHEN.

The coreless apple has at length been produced. It is regarded as 'the world's greatest discovery in horticulture,' and in fruit-growing circles is called the wonder of the age."

The flavour of the coreless apple is beyond question, says the "Nineteenth Century." If it proves as large as its rivals, trees producing the new wonder, which is a cheaper variety, will be planted by the million.

"The new apple was introduced by an old fruit raiser, after twelve years' experimenting. As a result of seeking to secure the seedless apple, a blossomless tree has been developed. The colour of the new apple is red, dotted with yellow on the skin. As with the seedless orange, so with the seedless apple, a slightly hardened substance makes its appearance at the navel end."

Mother: Yes, Bobby; in Greenland the nights are six months long.

Bobby: I don't want to live there on Christmas Eve. Think of having to wait six months before I could get up an' look at my stockings!

A METHODICAL POET

Who Said He Could Not Possibly Write More Clearly.

Once the poet Robert Browning said to Mrs. Corkran, who writes some recollections of him in the "Girls' Realm":—"I have just planned a poem. I shall begin writing it to-morrow, and it will be finished, always supposing I am in good health and nothing extraordinary happens, on a certain day some time ahead."

"How can you tell that?" the lady asked. "Oh," replied the poet, "once I have planned the story, and conceived my characters, I have done the really hard work; after that it is merely a matter of time. So many lines I will write every day, and so many lines I do write. It is quite exceptional whenever I am two or three days out of my reckoning."

Another time Browning said:—"I never re-write. I always send that I have chosen the right road at first. I know my critics would say my writing would be clearer if I made more erasures in the manuscript, but it is not so. I write with my whole mind, and at a high tension of concentration—and I could not find more fitting words to express my thoughts."

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swelt out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease;
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind.
This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.
But they my troubled spirit rale,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

From "In Memoriam," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

The Wise Child Knew.

Teacher: Suppose your father gave you your mother 20 dollars, and then took 5 dollars back again. What would that make?

Tommy: All kinds o' trouble.—"Philadelphia Ledger."

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CHRISTMAS TURKEY HUNTING.

Experiences of Our Special Emissary
Who Sought To-morrow's Dinner
Direct from the Farmer.

Equipped with a gargantuan kit-bag and several shining sovereigns, I yesterday took train from Waterloo to the borderland of Wilts and Dorsetshire, determined to solve for myself the momentous problem—Does turkey-hunting in the country pay?

It does—even if no turkey be brought back. I escaped the fog, a fog of the pea-souper pea-souper character. On the Strand gas-flares sputtered and splattered in a vain attempt to pierce it, and at Waterloo a man could not see the labels on his luggage. But as near town as Brookwood a copper sun glowed in the sky, while at Salisbury King Sol, no longer copper but golden, glowed with dog-day warmth from a Mediterranean sky.

Shaftesbury was my objective. It is an antique, hill-top town, ignorant of a railway station, but boasting the greatest relic of the presence of a "Turkey King." The Turkey King's name is Imber, and he supplies turkeys to everyone within a hundred miles radius. Nor is he obdurate to the appeals of a travel-worn Cockney who wants a turkey for town consumption at country prices.

THE HUNTING GROUND.

There was an air of Christmaside at Semley, the nearest station. The porters were even more polite than usual, and a twig of mistletoe hung from a lamp, though the railway company had forgotten to station a fair maid thereunder.

But I was not the only turkey-hunter journeying to Shaftesbury. Beside me on the two-horse mail-bus, which covers the three steep miles from Semley railway station to the town, was a youthful, saw-toothed gentleman, with "City clerk" written indelibly on his countenance. Ere a hundred yards had been covered he ventured on the query, "Do you know where I can find the man whom everyone calls the Turkey King?"

He pointed knowingly to a Gladstone bag, saying that the turkey would come to town therein, as naked and unadorned turkeys cannot be regarded by the L. and S.-W. Railway as "passenger's luggage."

After half an hour's drive we entered the dominions of the Turkey King. Scores of the king of birds, fat, spurless, and straight-breasted (signs of a good young turkey), hung from the walls of Mr. Imber's garden. Some were resplendent in their feathers; and in an enclosure were half a hundred others still alive. Two more unmistakable Londoners were pinching the turkeys' breasts. A crowd of rustic turkey-buyers was assembled clamorously demanding attention.

The gargantuan kit-bag was soon filled. In its cavernous hold were stored away three turkeys

weighing respectively 29lb., 26lb., and 23lb. They were fat, firm, and British; and they cost for 11d. a pound. In London, say experts, they would cost at least 1s. 6d. a pound. How much was saved? That is a "Breakfast Table Problem."

The Turkey King was generous—he always is to a good customer—and I was presented with two vast branches of red-berried holly. For 3d. I chaffered out of a neighbouring tradeswoman a bunch of mistletoe with enough berries to please the most festive Christmasser. Finally, I bought some dozens of new-laid eggs at 1s. 3d. a dozen (the London price is 2s. 6d.). To sum up, I escaped the fog—a matter of no small importance—saw an ancient and interesting town, secured turkeys of British manufacture—serving on them the sum of 45s.—and eggs—saving 7s. 6d.—while my total expenses amounted to 18s. 10d. Turkey-hunting most certainly pays.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

Englishmen Abroad Are Not To Be Baulked
of Their Plum Pudding.

Can Christmas away from home be Christmas? Of course, it can. They can, and do, celebrate it just as keenly in Australia, though the mercury in the thermometer is standing perilously near the top of the tube, as we do at home.

There is no holly and mistletoe, but that does not prevent decorations. Sprays of eucalyptus and acacia do very well for holly and laurel, and there is an excellent substitute for mistletoe to be found on the gumtree.

On Christmas Eve, too, come the waits with the same old hymns and carols which will be heard to-night. The meaning of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" is not bounded by the seas.

Then, in spite of the heat, comes the Christmas dinner. The lovely Australian fruit is put aside for the day. Beef and turkey, mincepies, and plum-pudding with its sacred blue flames, are faced with colonial devotion to duty. Britons are Britons the world over.

ICE FOR THE DRINKS.

All that is missing is the Yule log. It is really too hot for that. And the ice, of which there is plenty of the artificial variety, is for cooling the drinks, not for skating.

In India, too, the Briton keeps the feast in all its solemnity. Holly and mistletoe come down from Simla for the occasion. The plum-pudding comes from London, for the native cook is not educated to such a height of Western civilisation.

But he takes great pride in it, though it has come from the other side of the world, months before. As he bears it in, held high aloft, with its blue flames lapping round it, he looks quite as dignified if he spots a turban, a white coat, and a comb, as any English butler. Perhaps he has forgotten to take off the cloth in which it was boiled. He is sublimely unconscious of his offence.

There is only one drawback to the Indian Christmas dinner, and that is when the all-important pudding comes to table, and the only missing appearance after Christmas is well nigh forgotten again.

QUEEN'S XMAS MEMOIRS.

"Carmen Sylva" Finds a Throne Small
Redemptive for a Life-Long Sorrow.

Queens are very like ordinary mortals at heart. They are subject to the same sorrows as the rest of us—often to greater griefs than are common.

To "Womanhood's" Christmas number the poetess Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") contributes some pathetic reminiscences.

The return of Christmas, she says, is to herself and to her husband, "like the reopening of an old wound, whose pain will never quite cease."

The King of Roumania's first miserable Christmas came when, as a home-sick German, he first went to rule over a strange people. His first Christmas in Roumania was a lonely one. But he was not to be lonely for very long. Three years later he had brought home his young and beautiful bride. The first Christmas the King and Queen spent together was, for once, a happy one.

"We kept together, we two, and under the tiny little Christmas-tree—which to his amusement I had lighted up and carried into his study for him to admire—I had placed, with a beating heart, one small object—a wee little cradle, the tiniest that could possibly be found."

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD."

The next year, when their baby was born, the King and Queen passed in the anxieties of a Ministerial crisis. The festivities were sadly curtailed that year. The next year things were even worse for the "uneasy" heads of the King and Queen. There was a terrible political crisis which had, though it might threaten the throne itself. "It seemed as if I writes the Queen, 'as in we might have to abandon the work we had taken in hand, and wander out into the world again.' No one thought of the Christmas-tree, and, to add to her anxieties, the Queen's little daughter had a shock, from a mechanical toy which nearly made her ill."

In 1873 came the unfortunate Queen's last happy Christmas. She spent it with her dearly-loved child in her old German home. The child was delighted. "She was interested in all she saw, and kept asking everyone, 'Is that really Mamma's Rhine?' Ah! I cannot bear to tell much about her yet. My child thirty-one years have gone by; it is still too soon to speak of her! My child was the true one of my life!"

In the next year the child died. No other came to replace her. The King and Queen tried to forget Christmas, to celebrate it no more, to remember only their one prevailing sorrow.

It was very hard to bear, that first desolate Christmas, and since then they have always been the same. "I left the King at work in his study, went to my own lonely room, and, sitting down at my writing-table, wrote off four or five poems—each a cry of pain from my aching heart—one after the other."

Since that loss the Queen has given up all hope of ever testing the old joys of Christmas again. She must wait, she says, "until the Eternal Christmas that no cloud can dim."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SUNDAY AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

There appears to be a difficulty in some people's minds about keeping Christmas on Sunday.

They forget that Sunday is always a feast-day. Even in Lent, indulgences are permitted on Sunday which are forbidden to strict keepers of the fast all other days of the week.

Sunday is, in fact, just the day for national enjoyment. A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

WASTE NOT WANT NOT.

'At this busy season, when there is so much food in peoples homes, can't something be done by each householder to prevent the awful hunger going on at our doors?

Why not collect the scraps from each meal and hang them in baskets at the gates? It wouldn't be much trouble, and think of the comfort to others.

Maidenhead.

CHARITY.

WHERE ARE THE INSPECTORS?

If a factory inspector were to look in at one or two large firms of dressmakers in the West End just now, he would find a great many young girls being worked from eight a.m. till ten p.m.

They live, as a rule, some distance from their place of business, and in this foggy weather do not reach home till eleven or twelve at night, and have to be up by six the next morning. A. LUMLEY.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

My suggestion for the relief of the 50,000 poor is that all money collected in the churches on Christmas Day be given for that purpose.

Also instead of buying Christmas cards to send to our friends, let the poor have it. This is my resolve.

I was going to buy fifteen more, but the poor shall have the money.

If everyone were to do the same, how much would it amount to? ONE IN SYMPATHY.

148, Manor Park-road, N.W.

"WORDS TO THE WISE."

Under this heading "M.D., L.R.C.P." advocates the wearing of "rubbers" as excellent for preventing the foot soles from getting wet.

The advantages are distinctly, I would say, in favour of "M.D., L.R.C.P." increasing the number of his influenza patients.

Rubbers overhead the feet, and as the moisture of the feet cannot get through the rubbers it is retained in the socks and boots. Consequently, when the business man takes off his rubbers in his office a sudden evaporation takes place, making his feet cold and leaving the socks and boots damp.

The best way to avoid chills from damp and cold feet is to wear good, heavy boots. Not only heavy in the soles but also heavy uppers.

Through these last weeks of snow and slush I have worn a pair of shooting-boots or bark-tanned uppers and heavy soles, and have kept comfortably warm and quite dry. BARK-TANNED BOOTS.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England,"

CHAPTER L.

The Opening Speech.

It is a leading consideration with the law of England that a prisoner shall be tried at the first possible moment.

When the sudden information had been brought to Mr. Justice Gascoyne that his brother Judge was physically unable to perform his duties, the startled Sir Alanson was incited for one brief instant to refuse the odious task of conducting the trial of Richard Deverill. If he had done so on the ground that personal friendship might induce a bias in favour of the prisoner, a delay of two or three days, perhaps more, must ensue. It would be necessary to telegraph for another Judge.

Sir Alanson, with the celerity and accuracy of his highly-trained mind, examined his own feelings with a scrupulous severity of conscience. He came to the conclusion that he could fairly and honourably weigh the cause in the balance of justice.

Richard Deverill was an abstraction to him. He was no longer an individual whom he had known. He was a prisoner concerning one action of whose it was the Judge's duty to find out the truth. All opinions which had been formed were erased from his mind; all prepossessions, prejudices, were put aside.

Mr. Justice Gascoyne became a machine, an intellect, a brain; a brain bending all its splendid powers to one result only—truth.

Lady Gascoyne sat shaking like a leaf. Gertrude was so discomposed that for the instant she could not do anything to quiet her sister-in-law. Some compelling power forced her to direct her eyes to the well of the court. She found herself looking into Hugh Mordaunt's eyes. Instantly

she rallied. She saw that he too was shaken almost from self-possession. It seemed to her that two people in that court rested on her. She flashed a look of encouragement; then she bent over and whispered to her sister-in-law.

"He will be brought into court in one minute," she said; "he must see all his—his—friends."

There was a brief unconscious emphasis on this word—"calm, confident."

Lady Gascoyne nodded, pulled herself together, and when Richard Deverill appeared in the dock, did not even blink an eyelid.

The prisoner took one quick step backwards, stared incredulously for an instant at the Bench, and then stood composed, quiet, apparently the least concerned in all the crowded room.

His formal plea of Not Guilty was uttered in a clear and penetrating voice, which could be heard in the furthestmost corner.

The usual tedious preliminaries followed, and it was not until the leader for the prosecution on behalf of the Treasury had taken up his case, had risen to his feet, that the drama really began.

Mr. Cantor's tone was one of profound regret that a man of the prisoner's position, cultivation, and excellent life record should have undone himself in one hour of unbridled anger. He paid nodding attentions to high tributes to Deverill's character, and spoke in terms apparently complimentary of the open candour of the evidence which he had given before the coroner's jury.

It became evident to the counsel for the prosecution that the great effort of the prosecution would be concentrated on one point; and that the point would be that all this evidence, the unstudied carelessness with which clues had been left which might have been covered up, were the studied artifices of a clever man. With a deadly suavity the distinguished K.C. remarked incidentally that only the ignorant man was not aware that at crime left some clue; that the prisoner, knowing that he could not hide his tracks, chose the comparatively safer way of leaving them all so frankly uncovered that their very openness should plead on his behalf.

The counsel proceeded to recapitulate the evidence given by the police at the inquest, and then went on to state that the prosecution were now in a position to prove every link in the chain

which should lead them straight to the door of the prisoner.

His speech may be summed up as follows:—

"He has been proven conclusively, he said, that the victim had been shot from behind the hedge. They had not only, as had previously appeared, discovered the place in the hedge through which the murderous gun had been pointed, but on the further side of the field, in the soft mud on either side of the stile, they had discovered footprints."

"These had been traced both going and coming from that stile to the borders of the field, the clay field which had been ploughed only a day or two before. In the field from which the shot was fired the ground was hard at the time, and no marks had been discovered up to the hour of the inquest."

These boots, however, were very heavy, and the nails in the soles were grouped in such a way as to form a peculiar and distinct pattern.

The discovery of the footprint by the stile a careful search on the path by the hedge had been made, and he would be able to prove that here and there the pattern of the nails were discovered. He would show them that the man who had crossed that stile had gone to the spot in the hedge whence the shot had been fired, and that he had then gone no farther. He had turned in his tracks there."

Turning backwards and retracing the steps across the ploughed field before mentioned, marks of the dried mud had been found on two gates, which indicated that someone had climbed over them lately."

It was not, however, continued the counsel, entirely left to inference that the man who had crossed those fields, and climbed those gates, was the one who bore with him the weapon with which the deed was presumably committed. He should be able to prove that in the course of this extraordinary walk he had been followed, and he had better say run, for the character of the impressions in the soil, and the depth of hole made by the toe, showed that here and there the man had been going faster than a walk—the midnight stalker, intent on his nefarious purpose, had climbed over four gates in all. At each of these gates, and on each side of these gates, with one exception where the ground was hard and dry, a distinct imprint of the end of a gun-stock had been left in the mud."

This was new evidence, and there was a distinct sensation in court at the words of the counsel. Everybody was wondering in what direction these tracks, so gruesomely left, would lead.

It was a fair inference, continued the counsel, that the man who carried this weapon, both in

going and in coming, had put it down as he climbed the gates. The track was lost at a little lane down which the man had apparently gone. That lane was thirty yards away from the prisoner's house.

Lady Gascoyne breathed a deep breath and leaned back in her seat, her eyes closed, but she was quickly recalled to herself and her surroundings.

This lane, resumed the counsel, leads into the high road which passes by the front of the prisoner's house. We find, of course, no mark in that road. A map, he stated, would be put before the jury, so that they would be able to follow clearly what his witnesses would prove.

He paused for an instant, leaving the impression that the trail, close as it came to Richard Deverill's house, nevertheless did not absolutely lead to his door. This was gained an added effect for his succeeding words.

In a tone of solemn emphasis, he announced that the footprint had been found again in the front garden of the prisoner.

"It leads," he said, with dramatic emphasis, "not only to the entrance of his house, but within. The boots themselves have been discovered, and will be produced in court. The officer who found them will tell you that they were discovered in the boot-track among many other pairs in the usual place in a large cupboard off the front hall. The housekeeper will tell you that these boots belonged to the prisoner. She will not, however, be able to explain why a dirty pair was in this place, where only clean ones were supposed to be. We will make your own inference, gentlemen of the jury."

The counsel then turned his attention to the gun. Here again, in the poised hush of the courtroom, he stated that he would be able to prove that the shot had been fired from a weapon which was the prisoner's property. The shot-gun, which would be produced in court, had been discovered on the floor behind the bookcase in the library. It had evidently hastily been pushed into its place of concealment. It was not habitually kept there, and the case to which it belonged, and where it usually rested, was in another room. It would be found, he said, that the right barrel of that gun had been fired, probably fired only once, because it was only slightly fouled. The right barrel contained an empty cartridge. The cartridge in the left barrel was still loaded. The pellets, which would be produced in court by the doctor who had

(Continued on page 13.)

BY THE REV. M. BAXTER.

THIS AGE, will be THURSDAY, May 2, 1921. But this LAST DAY will be THURSDAY, April 9, 1931, if the Covenant Seven Years shall have been from Passover Day, April 19, 1844, to Passover Week, April 2, 1931. Then begins the 70th Week of Revelations, during which Christ and His Resurrection Saints will exercise a direct rule and superintendence from heaven over the surviving inhabitants of this earth and succeeding generations, and the Kingdom shall be given to the saints, as the waters cover the sea."

All the foregoing is an abridgment of a 160-page pamphlet of 32 pages, "Twenty Coming Events and of a large book of 600 pages, with 50 pictures and extracts from many writers, called "For the Future Wonders of Prophecy," by J. B. Baxter, 6, Tudor street, London. Anyone may reprint part or all of them. The pamphlet sent gratis to anyone who requests it.]

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER AND HOW TO COOK IT.

YULETIDE CHEER.

THE MENU.

Clear Soup à la Colbert.
Oysters au Naturel.
Mutton Cutlets.
Roast Turkey with Bread Sauce.
Sippets of Beef.
Potato Straws.
Artichokes au Gratin.
Plum Pudding.
Mince Pies.
Chartreuse of Oranges.
Siltion Cheese and Biscuits.
Dessert.
Oranges, Grapes, Almonds, and Raisins.
Roasted Chestnuts.

CLEAR SOUP A LA COLBERT.

INGREDIENTS:—One quart of clear soup, two small carrots, two small turnips, one cucumber, a few sprigs of tarragon and chervil, one gill of bottled peas, a poached egg for each guest.

Wash and prepare the carrots, turnips, and cucumber. Cut them in small balls with a round vegetable cutter, using the red part only of the carrot. Cut enough vegetables to fill a half-pint measure with each kind. Cook each kind separately in boiling salted water until they are soft without being broken. Drain off the water and put the cooked vegetables with the peas. Shred enough tarragon to fill half a teaspoon, and pick off a few tiny sprigs of fresh chervil. Throw both into boiling water for two minutes to blanch them. Put the soup in a pan on the fire, let it boil, and season it nicely with salt and pepper. Add to it the vegetables and herbs, re-heat the soup gently, then pour it into a hot tureen; next either slip the poached eggs into the soup-plates or hand them separately.

OYSTERS AU NATUREL.

These are oysters served in their shells. They should be opened and arranged on a folded table napkin.

It is usual to serve with them cayenne, thin slices of brown bread and butter, and slices of lemon.

MUTTON CUTLETS (larded).

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of the best end of a neck of mutton, quarter of a pound of larding bacon, three-quarters of a pint of thick tomato sauce, a little chopped truffe.

Cut the neck into neat cutlets and the bacon into strips like matches. Then lard the lean part of each cutlet—that is to say, put the strip into the larding-needle and draw it through the meat, leaving each end sticking out. Each cutlet should have about four "lardons," as they are called, in it. Next lay the cutlets on a dish in a little salad oil for five minutes. Make the gridiron hot and rub it over with a bit of bacon. Put on the cutlets and grill them on the unlarder side about five minutes. Next spread a little tomato sauce on each cutlet and sprinkle over it a little finely-chopped truffe. Arrange the cutlets neatly on a border of mashed potato, and serve the sauce in a tureen. Thin it down a little with some stock or gravy.

ROAST TURKEY.

INGREDIENTS:—A turkey, weight from 8lb. to 10lb. For the stuffing: Nine ounces of breadcrumbs, four ounces of bacon, six ounces of chopped suet, three eggs, the rind of one lemon, three table-spoonsful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a little salt and a little of nutmeg.

Chop the suet and bacon finely, and mix all the dry ingredients together in a basin. Beat up the

eggs, then add them and, if necessary, a little milk to bind the mixture. See that the stuffing is nicely seasoned, then insert it through the neck of the turkey. Should there be any forcemeat over, make

piece of buttered paper. Then put it either in a hot oven or before a clear fire and cook it probably about two hours. Baste it frequently, and twenty minutes before the bird is cooked enough take off



it into tiny balls, fry them in fat, and serve them round the turkey. Truss the bird, tie a large slice of fat bacon over the breast, and wrap it in a

the paper and bacon, so that the breast may get nicely browned. Serve it on a hot dish garnished with fried sausages.

Serve in hot tureens good brown gravy and bread sauce.

POTATO STRAWS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of potatoes, frying fat.

Wash and peel the potatoes carefully, cut them into thin slices, and then into "straws," as they are called, as much as possible the size of matches. Have enough nice, clean frying fat in the pan to well float the straws. When a faint bluish smoke rises from it put in some of the straws and fry them on a delicate golden brown. Drain them on kitchen paper. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve in a hot dish.

ARTICHOKES AU GRATIN.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of artichokes, four yolks of eggs, two ounces of good-flavoured cheese, two ounces of butter salt and pepper, milk and water in equal proportion to boil the artichokes in.

Scrub the artichokes well, then peel and slice them, and as they are peeled throw them immediately into a basin of cold water, to which a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice have been added. The acid helps to keep them white.

Next put the artichokes into a pan with enough boiling milk and water to cover them, add a little salt, and boil the artichokes till they are tender. They will take from ten to fifteen minutes. Then drain off the milk and water, mash them finely, add to them the beaten yolks of egg and half the butter. Season the mixture nicely with salt and pepper. Butter a fire-proof dish, put in the mixture, and sprinkle a thick layer of grated cheese on the top. Put a few little bits of butter here and there on the cheese. Place the dish in a hot oven till its contents are thoroughly hot.

THE MINCE PIES.

It is well to have one dish of these delectable dainties hot, and another cold, as some prefer one and some the other. They should be well-dusted with sugar and decorated with a sprig of holly.

PLUM PUDDING.

The plum pudding should be made thoroughly hot, then be turned on to a hot dish and decorated

with a nicely-berried spray of holly and shredded almonds stuck all over it.

Serve with it some well-made sweet melted butter sauce flavoured with brandy, and burn brandy round it.

CHARTREUSE OF ORANGES.

REQUIRED:—One quart of clear wine jelly, six tangerine oranges, six pistachio nuts.

First fill the mould with boiling water and then with cold. Decorate the top of the mould with a little of the jelly and the pistachio nuts. Let this set. Meanwhile peel the oranges and separate the sippets, removing all the pith you can. When the jelly is set, place on it a ring of the sippets, which should overlap each other. Cover them gently with melted jelly, and let it set. Arrange another ring of oranges, but make the sippets turn the reverse way from those in the other ring, or the weight pressing all one way will cause the jelly to crack. Continue to do this till the mould is full. The last layer should be of jelly. It is a wise plan to count the spoonful of jelly put between each layer of orange, otherwise the orange layers may not come at even distances apart, and the effect will not be so good.

To turn out the jelly, dip the mould into tepid water and slip the jelly on to a pretty dish. Arrange a border of chopped jelly round it.

JEWELS AND THE WEATHER.

WEAR DIAMONDS AND RUBIES ON DULL DAYS.

The up-to-date girl no longer wears her rings to match her costumes, but to match the weather. During the hot summer she discarded her diamonds and rubies for topazes, moonstones, and turquoise. She declared the more ardent stones made her feel warmer than the weather.

With the first days of chilly autumn she put on her emeralds and sapphires. On a bright sunny day she wears pearls, but never on a gloomy one, for she says pearls bring tears, and that the coming of clouds and pearls would be too depressing. On rainy days she wears opals because the promise brightness and clear days to come. Her rubies, garnets, and diamonds she saves for winter weather.

The diamond is a good cold-weather stone, even if it is somewhat stately, because it is constantly giving out flashes of brilliant colour, and rubies make one warm even to look at them.

FASHION'S FRILLS.

One of the newest shades is crushed cranberry.

For dressy mantles there is a tendency to return to the old dolman shape, fitting at the back and loose over the arms.

Ombre effects were never more in demand—silk, satin, and chiffon, all of which materials now show fascinating shadings.

Velvet and chiffon velours are used for complete costumes, some trimmed with narrow bands of fur, others with handsome passementerie bands of the same tone.

A handsome girdle of celery-green velvet is caught under a green-gold clasp, into which are set masses of green stones. It is an accompaniment of a green tea-gown.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 11.)

extracted them from the head of the murdered man, were of the same size as those in the loaded cartridge.

Everybody in the court-room now understood why the speaker had dwelt so long in the beginning of his opening on the inferences to be drawn from the utter contempt with which clues had been furnished by the criminal.

The counsel then proceeded to deal for some time with the point which he said he thought none would presume to deny—that someone in that house had been guilty of the crime.

"Two men were there," he said. "One has disappeared. Why? Much will, no doubt, be made of that disappearance by the other side. They will endeavour to suggest by means of all the ingenuities into which words can be twisted, that the man is a fugitive from justice, that he went away because he dare not face the consequences of his crime. Nothing could be more absurd. This man, whom his own master described before the coroner's jury as a faithful and not too intelligent servant, would have been the last to think of putting on his master's boots, of taking his master's gun; and, afterwards, so to have disposed of it as deliberately to throw suspicion on his master. He was a loyal servant who held his master in regard. He finds himself in the morning confronted suddenly with the knowledge of this crime. That knowledge makes plain to him the meaning of certain acts on the part of his master of which he has been the witness in the course of the night. Mistaken loyalty induces his flight. He will not stay and be the one to condemn his master to a scaffold. That, gentlemen, I think you will agree with me, will be found to be the unforced and reasonable explanation for the disappearance of this man."

Another obvious and very strong point was thus scored against the prisoner.

Counsel now proceeded to deal with the question of motive. He was not aware, he said, whether

the prisoner intended to take his place in the witness-box or not. He was interrupted here by the leading counsel for the defence, who stated that his client, conscious of his innocence, intended to give evidence in his own behalf.

"Then," said the counsel for the prosecution, "you will be able to hear from his own lips what vast interests he had at stake in the death of his victim. We know from his testimony, given with such open candour before the coroner's jury, that he was a ruined and broken man if Brasser lived; that by Brasser's death he leaped at once into a position of ease, of comfort, of possible affluence. Independent inquiries have confirmed all that he said. I will ask you to remember, gentlemen of the jury, when you listen to his evidence, that he knew that everything he stated could be found out independently before the day of this trial."

He finished his cogent and powerful opening with an appeal to the jury not to allow themselves to be led away by the specious air of candour which, in his opinion, the prisoner had assumed from the most artful and cunning motives.

"They will murder him," whispered Lady Gascoyne to Gertrude. "These are lies—all lies. If they do—if they do—"

She turned and looked at her husband with an unconscious agonised appeal in her eyes. He glanced to note her glance, but gave no sign that he was aware of her presence in the court. He was the incarnation of justice—far away, inviolable. She feared to look towards him again.

She turned towards the people in court—not seeing them; then, gradually, oh, so gradually, turning her eye towards the one spot to which she wished, but feared, to gaze. At last it came, however.

Richard Deverill, her lover, the prisoner in the dock, standing under the shadow of the gallows, was looking straight into her eyes, and she, the wife of the Judge on the bench, whose final words would turn the scale, was gazing back at him.

And thus they rested for a long, long time. Then Lady Gascoyne dropped her heavy lids, and the long lashes caught and held the two tears.

(To be continued.)

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Real News

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OLEASTER'S TWO RACES

Mr. H. Escott's REINE DE GLACE, 5yrs, 11st 10lb Gibbons 2
Mr. C. Habin's BELL SOUND, aged, 12st 3lb ...Owner
Mr. A. Gorham's BLUE CRESCENT, 6yrs, 10st 11lb D. Morris
Also ran: Adansi (6yrs, 12st 2lb), Perdicus (aged, 11st 11lb), O'Donovan (4yrs, 11st 9lb), Polin (5yrs, 10st).
(Winner trained by Burbridge.)
Betting—2 to 1 agt Grandchild, 5 to 2 Bell Sound, 10 to 1 each Blue Crescent and O'Donovan, 8 to 1 Adansi, 10 to 1 Polin.

Leigh's revival suggests the possibility of a hard game at Salford, although in past meetings Salford have almost invariably succeeded in overcoming the South-west Lancashire club. Harter is to replace Maddocks in the Salford half-back line. Leigh are content to rely on the team which thrashed Widnes. With visits from Wakefield Trinity and St. Helens during the holidays, Warrington ought to add to their stock of points. **HORNET**

are the Western League encounters between the 'Spurs and Southampton, and West Ham and Portsmouth. And these battles will be resumed on Boxing Day when the 'Spurs visit the "Saints," and West Ham go to Portsmouth in the Southern League. To-day 'Spurs will have their best side on the field. Curran and Watson will probably be back as partner to Kirwan on the left wing. Watson and Tait are, I notice, d

unfortunate that at the time of the heavy Christ postal traffic the severe fogs should also have come to hamper business. On Thursday the Bank of England was considerably over an hour late in publishing its weekly return, owing to the non-receipt at the press

at the time of the advices from the country branches.

AMATEUR PLAY.

Trial Match Choices—E. C. Bambridge on Arnott.

Open confession is good for the soul. "Citizen" takes me to task for overlooking H. Smith, of Reading, in suggesting the amateur side against the professionals of the South at Tottenham on January 16. I have naturally heard a great deal of Smith, but it is my misfortune that I have never seen him play.

Each time that I have been to Reading's mid-week games he has been absent, and last January I went to Plumstead for the big trial, only to find that he had cried off. "Citizen" having been more fortunate than "Templar," I bow to his judgment, and will delete Page from my nominations and substitute Smith.

As to R. E. Hounsfield, I understand that the F.A. Selection Committee will hold fast to the principle of North v. South, and will leave him for the North to take him or leave him. I was hoping long ago that the F.A. Committee would be rational and bring in Hounsfield among the amateurs, particularly as he is an Old Reptonian. But you might as well hope for a change in Nova Zembla as for a little elasticity in the ideas of the august F.A. Selection Committee.

The Casuals have a fixture with the Richmond Association at Tufnell Park this afternoon, and on Monday, in the same enclosure, they meet the London Caledonians. But then they are away to Yorkshire for their annual tour. The Corinthians' brilliant programme had some reference from me on Thursday last.

Last Thursday, there being no football and plenty of fog at Queen's Club, I got E.C. Bambridge to relate again some of his battles in the great days of amateurism. We got on to that famous international at Blackburn in the mud, when Dumbarton McCauley, the goalkeeper, saved the game for Scotland. Even the great W. N. Cobbold found shooting unprofitable that afternoon, so deep was the slough and so good the goalkeeping.

Bambridge thinks that Walter Arnott was the cleverest kick and the finest back that ever played against. And I think so, too—and I saw a good deal of "Wattie."

There is little really to note in the amateur fixtures to-day, and the list must speak for itself. **TEMPLAR.**

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.
Blackburn R. v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.
Aston Villa v. Burnley.
Derby County v. Notts C.
Everton v. Manchester City.

Division II.
Barnsley v. Burnley.
Bolton Wanderers v. West Bromwich Albion.
Bradford C. v. Doncaster R.
Bristol C. v. Burnley F.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.
Reading v. Northampton.
Plymouth A. v. Brighton.
Bristol Rovers v. Bristol Rovers.

Division II.
Portsmouth R. v. Brighton and Hove R.
Tottenham Hotspur v. Southampton.

WESTERN LEAGUE.
Brentford R. v. Leyton.
Millwall R. v. Bournemouth.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.
Queen's Park Rangers R. v. Tottenham Hotspur R.

WEST KENT LEAGUE.
Holmesdale v. Dartford.
Lewisham Montrose v. Catford.
Northfleet v. Cray Wanderers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Queen's Pk. v. Rotherwell.
Part Glasgow v. Heart of Midlothian.

OTHER MATCHES.
Clapton v. Bishop Auckland.
Gaisles v. Richmond A.
W. Norwood v. Civil Service.
Wimbledon v. Merton.
Dulwich H. v. Upton Park.
Woodford v. Crystal Palace.
Cray Wanderers v. R. v. Emeriti.
Harrow v. Shepherds Bush.
West Ham United v. 2nd Grenadier Guards.

RUGBY.

Melrose: South of Scotland v. Anglo-Scots (Scottish Trial).
OTHER MATCHES.
Mazboro' Nomads v. Old Altonians.
Lansdowne v. London Irish.
Gloucester v. Bristol.
Bath v. Trenchard.
Brigwater A. v. Clifton.
Dunfermline v. Old Merchant.
Birkenhead Pk. v. M'chester.
Newport v. Neath.

NORTHERN UNION.

LEAGUE—Division I.
Bradford v. Batley.
Wigan v. Broughton Rangers.
Widnes v. Hiliath.
Hunslet v. Hull.
Hull Kingston R. v. Leeds.
Division II.
Harrow v. Keighley.
Pontefract v. Bramley.
Brighouse R. v. Millom.

Preston North End have three players in the doctor's hands. Derbyshire, who is one of them, had previously played in over seventy League and cup games without a break.

The Stockport officials are still on the look-out for promising talent and have just signed on an inside left named Havard, who was formerly connected with Small Heath.

The commission appointed by the council of the Welsh Football Association to inquire into the disturbance which took place on the Druids' ground, Ruabon, has ordered that ground to be closed for fourteen days, but have commended the officials. The costs are to be paid by the Druids' club.

The Wigan Northern Union club have succeeded in securing the services of many players who have been generally recognised as the coming half-back of Wales. Formerly of Maesteg, he recently went over to Cardiff, and his debut for the club was a personal triumph. Thomas will assist Wigan in their engagement with Broughton Rangers, at Central Park, Wigan, to-day.

HOW

SIDNEY ORD'S MARMALADE

IS MADE.

To see Sidney Ord's at its best one should visit the firm in the height of the English fruit season. But an inspection, even in the winter, will be found full of interest, especially during the months when marmalade making is in full swing. Enormous baskets of perfectly sound picked Seville oranges are hovered over by neatly-clad damsels, who deftly pick out the eyes of the fruit, then the oranges are passed through a most ingenious rotary machine, whose internal rapidly-revolving brushes scrub the skins, insuring absolute cleanliness. The golden globes—quite lustrous after their washing—are individually discharged through a hopper. Then other ingenious machinery is brought into play. The oranges are cut in halves; each half is held over a revolving rose, which takes out the inside pulp, leaving the skin perfectly clean. The skins are then put into another machine, where knives, revolving at 1,200 revolutions a minute, cut them into delicate strips. The fruit thus treated is boiled with pure sugar, and the result is the perfect product known as

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Wash or Monthly 4/- worth in 5d. 4/- 1s. 6d. 4/- 2s. 6d. 4/- 3s. 6d. 4/- 4s. 6d. 4/- 5s. 6d. 4/- 6s. 6d. 4/- 7s. 6d. 4/- 8s. 6d. 4/- 9s. 6d. 4/- 10s. 6d. 4/- 11s. 6d. 4/- 12s. 6d. 4/- 13s. 6d. 4/- 14s. 6d. 4/- 15s. 6d. 4/- 16s. 6d. 4/- 17s. 6d. 4/- 18s. 6d. 4/- 19s. 6d. 4/- 20s. 6d. 4/- 21s. 6d. 4/- 22s. 6d. 4/- 23s. 6d. 4/- 24s. 6d. 4/- 25s. 6d. 4/- 26s. 6d. 4/- 27s. 6d. 4/- 28s. 6d. 4/- 29s. 6d. 4/- 30s. 6d. 4/- 31s. 6d. 4/- 32s. 6d. 4/- 33s. 6d. 4/- 34s. 6d. 4/- 35s. 6d. 4/- 36s. 6d. 4/- 37s. 6d. 4/- 38s. 6d. 4/- 39s. 6d. 4/- 40s. 6d. 4/- 41s. 6d. 4/- 42s. 6d. 4/- 43s. 6d. 4/- 44s. 6d. 4/- 45s. 6d. 4/- 46s. 6d. 4/- 47s. 6d. 4/- 48s. 6d. 4/- 49s. 6d. 4/- 50s. 6d. 4/- 51s. 6d. 4/- 52s. 6d. 4/- 53s. 6d. 4/- 54s. 6d. 4/- 55s. 6d. 4/- 56s. 6d. 4/- 57s. 6d. 4/- 58s. 6d. 4/- 59s. 6d. 4/- 60s. 6d. 4/- 61s. 6d. 4/- 62s. 6d. 4/- 63s. 6d. 4/- 64s. 6d. 4/- 65s. 6d. 4/- 66s. 6d. 4/- 67s. 6d. 4/- 68s. 6d. 4/- 69s. 6d. 4/- 70s. 6d. 4/- 71s. 6d. 4/- 72s. 6d. 4/- 73s. 6d. 4/- 74s. 6d. 4/- 75s. 6d. 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4/- 149s. 6d. 4/- 150s. 6d. 4/- 151s. 6d. 4/- 152s. 6d. 4/- 153s. 6d. 4/- 154s. 6d. 4/- 155s. 6d. 4/- 156s. 6d. 4/- 157s. 6d. 4/- 158s. 6d. 4/- 159s. 6d. 4/- 160s. 6d. 4/- 161s. 6d. 4/- 162s. 6d. 4/- 163s. 6d. 4/- 164s. 6d. 4/- 165s. 6d. 4/- 166s. 6d. 4/- 167s. 6d. 4/- 168s. 6d. 4/- 169s. 6d. 4/- 170s. 6d. 4/- 171s. 6d. 4/- 172s. 6d. 4/- 173s. 6d. 4/- 174s. 6d. 4/- 175s. 6d. 4/- 176s. 6d. 4/- 177s. 6d. 4/- 178s. 6d. 4/- 179s. 6d. 4/- 180s. 6d. 4/- 181s. 6d. 4/- 182s. 6d. 4/- 183s. 6d. 4/- 184s. 6d. 4/- 185s. 6d. 4/- 186s. 6d. 4/- 187s. 6d. 4/- 188s. 6d. 4/- 189s. 6d. 4/- 190s. 6d. 4/- 191s. 6d. 4/- 192s. 6d. 4/- 193s. 6d. 4/- 194s. 6d. 4/- 195s. 6d. 4/- 196s. 6d. 4/- 197s. 6d. 4/- 198s. 6d. 4/- 199s. 6d. 4/- 200s. 6d. 4/- 201s. 6d. 4/- 202s. 6d. 4/- 203s. 6d. 4/- 204s. 6d. 4/- 205s. 6d. 4/- 206s. 6d. 4/- 207s. 6d. 4/- 208s. 6d. 4/- 209s. 6d. 4/- 210s. 6d. 4/- 211s. 6d. 4/- 212s. 6d. 4/- 213s. 6d. 4/- 214s. 6d. 4/- 215s. 6d. 4/- 216s. 6d. 4/- 217s. 6d. 4/- 218s. 6d. 4/- 219s. 6d. 4/- 220s. 6d. 4/- 221s. 6d. 4/- 222s. 6d. 4/- 223s. 6d. 4/- 224s. 6d. 4/- 225s. 6d. 4/- 226s. 6d. 4/- 227s. 6d. 4/- 228s. 6d. 4/- 229s. 6d. 4/- 230s. 6d. 4/- 231s. 6d. 4/- 232s. 6d. 4/- 233s. 6d. 4/- 234s. 6d. 4/- 235s. 6d. 4/- 236s. 6d. 4/- 237s. 6d. 4/- 238s. 6d. 4/- 239s. 6d. 4/- 240s. 6d. 4/- 241s. 6d. 4/- 242s. 6d. 4/- 243s. 6d. 4/- 244s. 6d. 4/- 245s. 6d. 4/- 246s. 6d. 4/- 247s. 6d. 4/- 248s. 6d. 4/- 249s. 6d. 4/- 250s. 6d. 4/- 251s. 6d. 4/- 252s. 6d. 4/- 253s. 6d. 4/- 254s. 6d. 4/- 255s. 6d. 4/- 256s. 6d. 4/- 257s. 6d. 4/- 258s. 6d. 4/- 259s. 6d. 4/- 260s. 6d. 4/- 261s. 6d. 4/- 262s. 6d. 4/- 263s. 6d. 4/- 264s. 6d. 4/- 265s. 6d. 4/- 266s. 6d. 4/- 267s. 6d. 4/- 268s. 6d. 4/- 269s. 6d. 4/- 270s. 6d. 4/- 271s. 6d. 4/- 272s. 6d. 4/- 273s. 6d. 4/- 274s. 6d. 4/- 275s. 6d. 4/- 276s. 6d. 4/- 277s. 6d. 4/- 278s. 6d. 4/- 279s. 6d. 4/- 280s. 6d. 4/- 281s. 6d. 4/- 282s. 6d. 4/- 283s. 6d. 4/- 284s. 6d. 4/- 285s. 6d. 4/- 286s. 6d. 4/- 287s. 6d. 4/- 288s. 6d. 4/- 289s. 6d. 4/- 290s. 6d. 4/- 291s. 6d. 4/- 292s. 6d. 4/- 293s. 6d. 4/- 294s. 6d. 4/- 295s. 6d. 4/- 296s. 6d. 4/- 297s. 6d. 4/- 298s. 6d. 4/- 299s. 6d. 4/- 300s. 6d. 4/- 301s. 6d. 4/- 302s. 6d. 4/- 303s. 6d. 4/- 304s. 6d. 4/- 305s. 6d. 4/- 306s. 6d. 4/- 307s. 6d. 4/- 308s. 6d. 4/- 309s. 6d. 4/- 310s. 6d. 4/- 311s. 6d. 4/- 312s. 6d. 4/- 313s. 6d. 4/- 314s. 6d. 4/- 315s. 6d. 4/- 316s. 6d. 4/- 317s. 6d. 4/- 318s. 6d. 4/- 319s. 6d. 4/- 320s. 6d. 4/- 321s. 6d. 4/- 322s. 6d. 4/- 323s. 6d. 4/- 324s. 6d. 4/- 325s. 6d. 4/- 326s. 6d. 4/- 327s. 6d. 4/- 328s. 6d. 4/- 329s. 6d. 4/- 330s. 6d. 4/- 331s. 6d. 4/- 332s. 6d. 4/- 333s. 6d. 4/- 334s. 6d. 4/- 335s. 6d. 4/- 336s. 6d. 4/- 337s. 6d. 4/- 338s. 6d. 4/- 339s. 6d. 4/- 340s. 6d. 4/- 341s. 6d. 4/- 342s. 6d. 4/- 343s. 6d. 4/- 344s. 6d. 4/- 345s. 6d. 4/- 346s. 6d. 4/- 347s. 6d. 4/- 348s. 6d. 4/- 349s. 6d. 4/- 350s. 6d. 4/- 351s. 6d. 4/- 352s. 6d. 4/- 353s. 6d. 4/- 354s. 6d. 4/- 355s. 6d. 4/- 356s. 6d. 4/- 357s. 6d. 4/- 358s. 6d. 4/- 359s. 6d. 4/- 360s. 6d. 4/- 361s. 6d. 4/- 362s. 6d. 4/- 363s. 6d. 4/- 364s. 6d. 4/- 365s. 6d. 4/- 366s. 6d. 4/- 367s. 6d. 4/- 368s. 6d. 4/- 369s. 6d. 4/- 370s. 6d. 4/- 371s. 6d. 4/- 372s. 6d. 4/- 373s. 6d. 4/- 374s. 6d. 4/- 375s. 6d. 4/- 376s. 6d. 4/- 377s. 6d. 4/- 378s. 6d. 4/- 379s. 6d. 4/- 380s. 6d. 4/- 381s. 6d. 4/- 382s. 6d. 4/- 383s. 6d. 4/- 384s. 6d. 4/- 385s. 6d. 4/- 386s. 6d. 4/- 387s. 6d. 4/- 388s. 6d. 4/- 389s. 6d. 4/- 390s. 6d. 4/- 391s. 6d. 4/- 392s. 6d. 4/- 393s. 6d. 4/- 394s. 6d. 4/- 395s. 6d. 4/- 396s. 6d. 4/- 397s. 6d. 4/- 398s. 6d. 4/- 399s. 6d. 4/- 400s. 6d. 4/- 401s. 6d. 4/- 402s. 6d. 4/- 403s. 6d. 4/- 404s. 6d. 4/- 405s. 6d. 4/- 406s. 6d. 4/- 407s. 6d. 4/- 408s. 6d. 4/- 409s. 6d. 4/- 410s. 6d. 4/- 411s. 6d. 4/- 412s. 6d. 4/- 413s. 6d. 4/- 414s. 6d. 4/- 415s. 6d. 4/- 416s. 6d. 4/- 417s. 6d. 4/- 418s. 6d. 4/- 419s. 6d. 4/- 420s. 6d. 4/- 421s. 6d. 4/- 422s. 6d. 4/- 423s. 6d. 4/- 424s. 6d. 4/- 425s. 6d. 4/- 426s. 6d. 4/- 427s. 6d. 4/- 428s. 6d. 4/- 429s. 6d. 4/- 430s. 6d. 4/- 431s. 6d. 4/- 432s. 6d. 4/- 433s. 6d. 4/- 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4/- 577s. 6d. 4/- 578s. 6d. 4/- 579s. 6d. 4/- 580s. 6d. 4/- 581s. 6d. 4/- 582s. 6d. 4/- 583s. 6d. 4/- 584s. 6d. 4/- 585s. 6d. 4/- 586s. 6d. 4/- 587s. 6d. 4/- 588s. 6d. 4/- 589s. 6d. 4/- 590s. 6d. 4/- 591s. 6d. 4/- 592s. 6d. 4/- 593s. 6d. 4/- 594s. 6d. 4/- 595s. 6d. 4/- 596s. 6d. 4/- 597s. 6d. 4/- 598s. 6d. 4/- 599s. 6d. 4/- 600s. 6d. 4/- 601s. 6d. 4/- 602s. 6d. 4/- 603s. 6d. 4/- 604s. 6d. 4/- 605s. 6d. 4/- 606s. 6d. 4/- 607s. 6d. 4/- 608s. 6d. 4/- 609s. 6d. 4/- 610s. 6d. 4/- 611s. 6d. 4/- 612s. 6d. 4/- 613s. 6d. 4/- 614s. 6d. 4/- 615s. 6d. 4/- 616s. 6d. 4/- 617s. 6d. 4/- 618s. 6d. 4/- 619s. 6d. 4/- 620s. 6d. 4/- 621s. 6d. 4/- 622s. 6d. 4/- 623s. 6d. 4/- 624s. 6d. 4/- 625s. 6d. 4/- 626s. 6d. 4/- 627s. 6d. 4/- 628s. 6d. 4/- 629s. 6d. 4/- 630s. 6d. 4/- 631s. 6d. 4/- 632s. 6d. 4/- 633s. 6d. 4/- 634s. 6d. 4/- 635s. 6d. 4/- 636s. 6d. 4/- 637s. 6d. 4/- 638s. 6d. 4/- 639s. 6d. 4/- 640s. 6d. 4/- 641s. 6d. 4/- 642s. 6d. 4/- 643s. 6d. 4/- 644s. 6d. 4/- 645s. 6d. 4/- 646s. 6d. 4/- 647s. 6d. 4/- 648s. 6d. 4/- 649s. 6d. 4/- 650s. 6d. 4/- 651s. 6d. 4/- 652s. 6d. 4/- 653s. 6d. 4/- 654s. 6d. 4/- 655s. 6d. 4/- 656s. 6d. 4/- 657s. 6d. 4/- 658s. 6d. 4/- 659s. 6d. 4/- 660s. 6d. 4/- 661s. 6d. 4/- 662s. 6d. 4/- 663s. 6d. 4/- 664s. 6d. 4/- 665s. 6d. 4/- 666s. 6d. 4/- 667s. 6d. 4/- 668s. 6d. 4/- 669s. 6

